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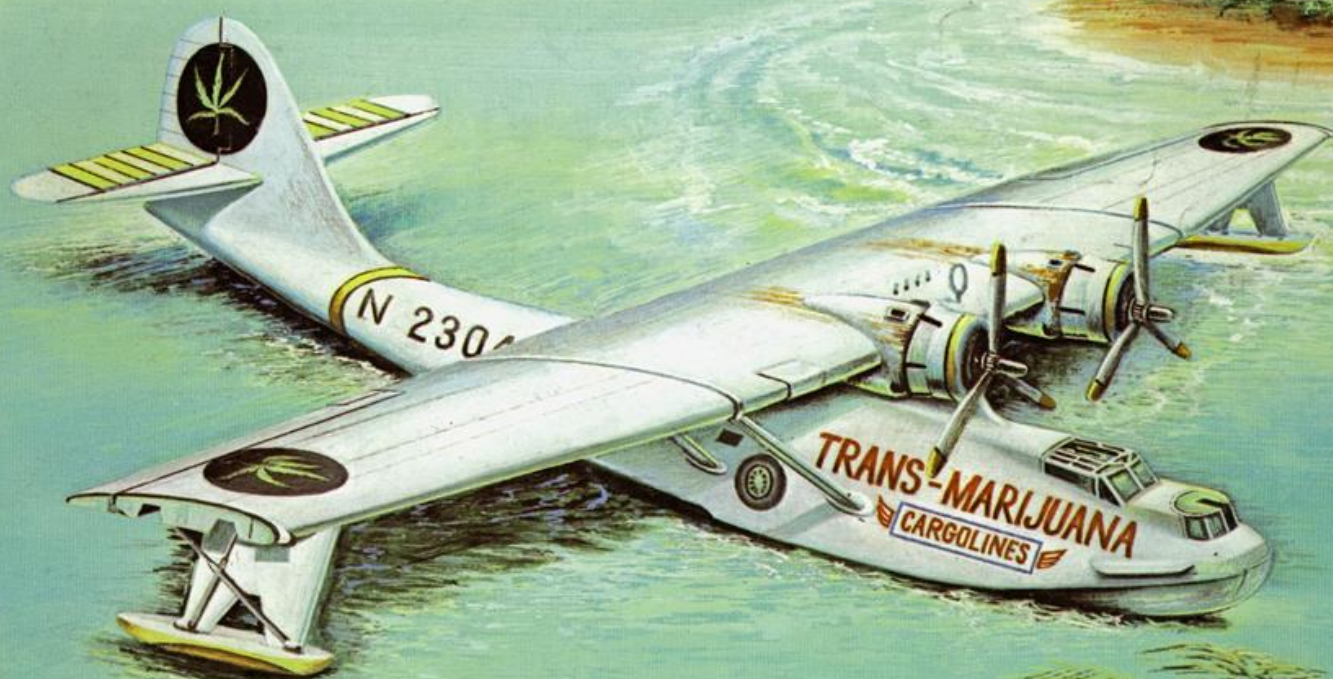
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High Times



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Editor's Note

One of the most gratifying rewards of pub-
lishing High Times has been the number of
manuscripts we've received from readers
whose positions in the drug world are so
precarious that they included neither their
names nor their addresses. We welcome
such contributions, and expect to acquire
some of our best material in this fashion. All
contributions should be typed double-
spaced, using only one side of each piece
of paper, and accompanied, if return or
comment is desired, by a stamped, self-
addressed envelope **Ed Dwyer.**

Biggest topic of conversation is the Great Hash Shortage of 1974. For a variety of reasons, hashish of all types and qualities is almost impossible to find. Informants in Europe report that well-heeled American tourists and dollar-laden German and Dutch hash smokers, as well as bored sailors of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, have created such a demand for hashish that there's little left over for shipment to the U.S. and Canada. With plenty of money, this new European market has run up the price of hashish in Europe to the point that no one wants to bother to bring it to the U.S. The smashing of several major hash smuggling rings (Fuchs ring, Brotherhood of Eternal Love, etc.) has also had a big impact, because it takes a big ring to finance and smuggle in significant quantities of hash. To make things worse, a lot of Asian hash is now being diverted to Australia.

The big new plan of the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) is advance intelligence. Instead of infiltrating from the bottom up (like in the old days) which makes it easy for the kingpins to isolate themselves, the new scheme is to move and groove their way in the scene for years, if necessary, to find out how the whole scene works, down the line. Then, the BIG BUST. Dozens of agents have fanned out into Florida, New York, California, and even Colombia, Jamaica, Mexico, and Afghanistan to get on the case, and they are particularly hot on cocaine. So far they don't seem terribly interested in pot, except in huge quantities, but hash and hash oil elicit more interest, and LSD is the same as heroin in their eyes. But they'll go to any lengths to get cocaine.

Look for new emphasis on heroin, as the resumption of Turkish opium poppy production turns on the supply of smack again. In the ghettos, where methadone has replaced heroin as the favorite nod-out, heroin may not be able to make a comeback, as those who like to get high are switching increasingly to cocaine, which allows some kind of escape from the ghetto, but, à la Superfly to be an aggressive winner rather than a nodded-out heroin loser. Naturally, the government is very down on this cocaine fad, as it makes the ghettos even more volatile.

LSD raw materials are becoming increasingly difficult to obtain, and the street price of LSD has doubled and tripled in many places.

A number of new medical studies on marijuana have been coming out lately, and whether pro or con, the thing that throws all of them into doubt is the fact that the marijuana they're using is not necessarily the marijuana the public is smoking. What they don't seem to understand is that marijuana is a very complex plant, and there's many different types, with distinctively different psychoactive effects. The researchers should wise up.

Rumor among smugglers has it that a radar monitoring boat has been set up in the Windward Passage, a popular route from Colombia, and, indeed, several boats have been busted there recently. Likewise, several boats have been busted in the passage between Yucatan and Cuba, another popular passage, and the very real possibility exists that the government may have hired a bunch of paracommandos to engage the pot navies in pitched battle on the high seas. Could it be 'raise the Jolly Roger' time again?

We have to assume that some narcs read this magazine since it's sold openly on the newsstands, so we'd like to find out something: why does one become a narc (or professional informer)? We have a few thoughts, but admit we don't really know. So we'd welcome any answers you narcs would like to send in (anonymously or otherwise) and we'll publish it in a future article. We'd also welcome first-person accounts (anonymous or otherwise) of people who have gotten busted and had to finger their friends—the whole experience of what it's like and the consequences, mental, social, legal, and so forth. Send in your info c/o Flashes.

It's been said before, but we'll say it again. There is no such thing as real THC available (although the elephant tranquilizer PCP that is usually substituted is pretty trippy). According to the letters we've been getting, a lot of people think otherwise, so we'll bet \$100 no one has got any—if you think it's THC, send some of it to Pharm-Chem Newsletter (1848 Bay Road, Palo Alto, Cal. 94303) which does anonymous analysis of drugs, and make up a five digit number for identification, and write it on a piece of paper with the stuff. After a week, call their phone number (415/322-9942), give them your anonymous I.D. number, and they'll tell you what it really was. The first one to send in real THC, we'll donate the \$100 to your favorite cause (we'd send it to you, but it might bring down heat on you). As it says in this month's Forum, THC has to be stored at 19°C or kept under a vacuum, so we figure there just isn't any, period. But maybe we're wrong.

Keep sending those letters in, and we'll have more info next issue. ☐



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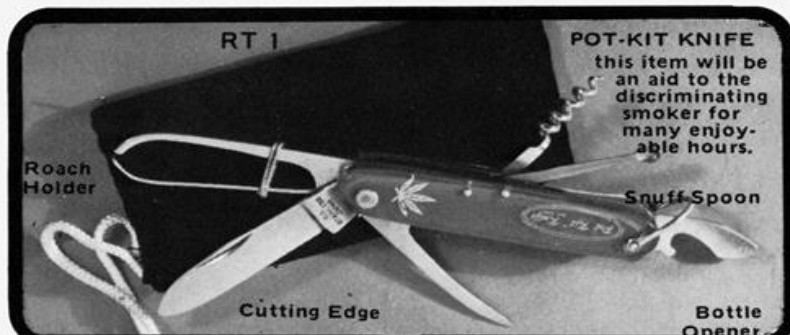
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Letters

Leary: Traitor or heretic?

"It is clear to us," Joanna Harcourt-Smith says, "that Dr. Leary and I were brought back to the United States to decode the message of the comet Kohoutek."

Why is the comet vision of Timothy Leary (see *Terra II* by Timothy Leary, *High Times*, Vol. 1, No. 1) more meaningful than a vision of ray gun warfare between legions of Martian mice and Venusian ducks? What is the basis for calling one set of visions "philosophy" and the other merely another laughable example of "the cartoon freakies"? Presumably, because the comet vision explains something while the cartoon freakies do not. What is it that the comet vision explains? What philosophic questions are answered? In what way has our understanding of ourselves and of the world been improved by the introduction of these ideas of immortality, "galactic star school" and by the multiplication of (super-human) entities?

The answer is—in no way whatever. These ideas have been around for a long time, and they reflect certain peculiar logical fallacies and certain psychological and social disorders which have crippled human thought since the beginnings of recorded history.

Timothy Leary has learned nothing and imitated everything. The Comet Being sees fit to communicate with Dr. Leary and his girlfriend, but for some reason the giant fleas and ambulatory roots which, according to Castaneda, are running things around here, are neither mentioned in the transmissions or appear in his visions. Elaborate hierarchies of immortal master-minds may be discovered by Laing, Ram Dass and Subrumunya to exist in the oriental ether but these Omnisciences seem oddly parochial, if not downright jingoistic in their interests. The understanding which the peak psychedelic experience brings to everyone is *always and everywhere identical*; everything else is repression. Three-dimensional space is an illusion. The flow of time is an illusion. History is an illusion. Timothy Leary is an illusion. I am an illusion.

My *Excommunication of Timothy Leary* (based on his *Starseed* cometology, which I consider dangerous to the mental health of novice acid users) is available from the Neo-American church, 30 Church Street, Burlington, VT. 05401. You can always repent, Tim, and be saved.—Art Kleps, *Chief Boo Hoo, The Neo-American Church, South Hero, Vt.*

Has doubts about Leary

I read in *Newsweek* Magazine that Tim Leary has turned police informer and is cooperating with the FBI in several investigations. Has Tim really gone

bad? Or is he trying to scramble their brains from inside? Or have a lot of people *really* got something to worry about?—*Samuel Rosen, Lake Forest, Ill.*

Funny you should ask, Sam; thumb to our HighWitness News section for the facts. Though new information keeps coming to light, we have the most current dope available at press time—ED.

A likely story!

Congratulations on the first issue of *High Times*! It was the kind of really sophisticated magazine that puts its underground press predecessors to shame. The layout, content, and especially the news and law and health departments were all exceptionally fine. The first issue of *High Times* was really interesting and promising, but I hope that you won't neglect the visual aspect of the magazine. After all, drugs have been responsible for some of the most exciting innovations in magazine graphics—mainly due to the influence of the old *San Francisco Oracle* and the *East Village Other*. If *High Times* can look as well as it reads—and the illustration for Rod de Remer's "Nine Tons of Pot" looked something out of a *National Lampoon* parody of a high school yearbook—then you'll really have a winner. Good Luck.—*Robyn Post, Mendocino, Calif.*

Prison is no picnic

Please put this in the magazine so that the people will know that they are killing us down here at the Oklahoma State Penitentiary.

On May 20 and 22 the execution squad swooped down on the 977 men who are on solitary confinement deadlocked since July 27, 1973, and after three days of mass gas attacks and beatings there are scores injured, one murdered and one dying, four in what they call hospital but which is actually just another cell house. We look like victims of a napalm attack and three out of four of the prison doctors resigned rather than treat the survivors.

Political prisoner Robert B. Forsythe was murdered on May 22. There are 46 witnesses to his execution but everybody has been denied permission to enter the prison including the news media, the F.B.I., and the team of volunteer physicians who have offered to treat the survivors free gratis. Contributions can be sent to Robert B. Forsythe Memorial Fund, c/o Help Our Prisoners Exist, 431 S.W. 11, Oklahoma City, OK. 73125.—*Robert H. Wilson, McAlester, Okla.*

P.S. I would like to mooch a subscription to your magazine.

Gertie's gripe

Your "Recollections of a Lady Dealer"

excited and disappointed me. I thought from the title that it would be about white slavers who drug women and convey them to the bordellos of the Argentine.

Instead, a boring interview with a social parasite who is probably as common as air pollution. Get on the ball, *High Times*, and run more sex stuff like your Tantric sex pictorial.

—*Gertrude Quinn, Bethlehem, Pa.*

Frankly, it was a toadstool

I was just given a copy of your premier issue by a friend who runs a headshop in Memphis, Tennessee.

An excellent idea for a magazine, and (after reading your first issue through once) a very good start on format, information availability, ads, etc.

My very first flash was of your cover photo—and I assume that the young lady is supposed to be contemplating (or about to eat) a "magic mushroom." Nice picture—but *not* a "magic mushroom." (I leave room for error on my part if it happens to be one of the very rare Bobet [sic] forms from the Western Highlands of New Guinea). Looks more to me to be a species of *Aragic*—the common Meadow Mushroom. Now please—I'm not putting you down—I know the "real thing" is sometimes hard to obtain... in fact, *information* about the "real thing" is oftentimes hard to obtain. I have one book in circulation now "Collecting the Magic Mushroom," Teonanacott Press, 1973, with another on the way—"Naturally High," Wingbow Press. "Naturally High" deals with cultivation as well as field identification, collection, preparation, and consumption.

If you would like a short "introductory" article and/or a couple of pictures on, say, the mushroom *Psilocybe cubensis* (which grows in the U.S.) let me know—or if I can be of any help in any of your departments, let me know.—*William Fisher, Memphis, Tenn.*

Another mouth to feed

When I am stoned, I feel good because I can just sit down and relax. I have been smoking dope for a few years. I started when I was five and a half years old and now I am ten years old.

When I first started smoking dope, it really got to my mind. I felt so different. I felt spaced out and had lots of energy. But now I feel good when I am stoned. My brother's friend has very good dope, and that's where we usually get dope. Me, my brother, and my mother smoke about one to five joints a day. Or we smoke it in the pipe.

When I am stoned I like to sew because it's not boring. Bye.—*Name Withheld on Request, Berkeley, Calif.*



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Forum

Q: Ever since I started getting high, I've been either toking or snorting. There must be some other way to get high short of hypodermics?

A: Well, we've heard of a cocaine douche, but don't know about its safety. Perhaps one of our readers could enlighten us? And we know of one Gurdjieff fan who swears the best way to get high is from a marijuana enema. And then there's always peyote beer, but we don't have the recipe. Have you tried meditation?

Q: I've heard L-Dopa is a fabulous aphrodisiac that has turned 80 year-olds into loving adolescents. My old man is only 28, but I wonder if L-Dopa would energize his sex drive?

A: At the least it can temporarily alleviate the symptoms of Parkinson's Disease. We wouldn't recommend it for recreational use. At 28, what's his problem?

Q: I recently was tending my pot patch and realized that it was planted amidst a thicket of poison ivy. Now that my rash is gone, I'm wondering if it's safe to smoke the harvest?

A: The irritants which are on the poison ivy could transfer onto the marijuana leaves, leading to severe inflammation of the lung tissue. We recommend a new field for your agricultural endeavors.

Q: In these days of rising inflation and shrinking wallets, do you have any suggestions for economizing on the dope dollar?

A: The first thing a careful shopper should recognize is that the cheapest grass is not always the most economical. Mexican, although cheap, contains lots of stems and seeds which are usually unsmokable. So, the less stems and seeds, the better the bargain. Likewise, although Mexican is cheap, what really saves is the amount of high per dollar. On that tally, Jamaican and Colombian probably come out ahead. Colombian usually has far fewer seeds and stems and is far more potent as well. Of course, planting your seeds can conserve dollars. Hash oil, although it seems relatively exotic at \$15-25 a gram, is a great booster to weak dope, and it takes a long time to make it through a gram.

Q: Everyone in my hometown is snorting what they say is THC, (tetrahydrocannabinol) or "Tich." I've tried it and the high is strange, kind of like a super downed out acid. But I've heard that what I've been snorting isn't really THC. If not, what is it?

A: Chances are it's actually "Peep" or PCP, a notorious animal tranquilizer that has had dozens of reincarnations in the last five years. Lab tests of sub-

stances sold nationwide as THC have been identified in 99% of the tests as PCP, which taken in minute doses, can produce a moderately pleasant high. Can be very harmful to the brain. John Keikis of Alternatives, a free drug analysis service in the Chicago area has pointed out to us that THC is a very unstable compound requiring storage in a vacuum or under nitrogen at -10°C, making the likelihood that you're snorting bull dope all the greater.

Q: I recently met a handsome, personable Aries who constantly turns me on to excellent coke and is the best lay of my life. However, there are gaps in his past life he refuses to explain and he asks a lot of touchy questions about my dealer friends. I suspect he may be a narc and I hate to have a badge come between me and great sex. Any suggestions?

A: If you're serious about this Aries a few dollars to the right lawyer could produce a file on any arrests or police connections. But don't let your suspicions get the best of you; he may be a dealer trying to scout some new markets. Until you're certain either way, we suggest that you use only his stash when together and keep him apart from any dealer friends. He must be a good lay if he can erase your paranoia in the sack. But who said cops can't get it up?

Q: Some friends of mine who live in the country have a beautiful little girl who is 8 years old. She's quick and bright and loves to puff on her daddy's joint. My friends, who are both professional people, insist that smoking dope won't harm her and let her smoke whenever they do, which is daily. I'm not so sure. I know marijuana isn't harmful to adults but should an 8 year old be allowed to smoke?

A: Dr. Harry Hermon, of Maimonides Medical Center Dream Research Lab and a well-known authority on cannabis and psychoactive chemicals, suggests that all drugs including grass should be avoided during the early growth years (1 to 14). He says that marijuana causes young hearts to speed up occasionally. Furthermore, it may cause hormonal changes in young children, which would affect their development. His advice is sound.

Q: I am planning a trip to Palm Beach this winter, and I want to take a little head stash with me. With all the new regulations, X-ray machines, metal detectors, searches, and paranoia at the airport, I'm somewhat reluctant to pack in any illegal substances. How heavy is it at the airports these days?

A: Most people who get busted do so because they put their stash in their carry-on luggage, which airlines often open up and check. The metal detectors and X-ray machines are looking for

guns and bombs, not dope, so they are no problem. Contrary to popular belief, pot dogs are pretty rare, and it fairly safe to hide your stash in the suitcase you check in. The alternative is to put your stash on your body (not in your pockets which they may ask you to empty). If you don't look like a hijacker, you should be home free.

Q: A long time ago, I read in an underground newspaper called Avatar that the ultimate combination for balling is with the guy on cocaine and the girl on speed. The writer seemed very convinced of this, and quite knowledgeable. Do you know what it is that's unique about this combination?

A: The theory is that the cocaine keeps the man from ejaculating and gives him considerable stamina and endurance. The speed stimulates the woman's libido and makes her aggressive and highly active. Unfortunately, the morning after is rather treacherous, and we can't really recommend it.

Q: My grandparents are 87 and 89 years old respectively. They are tolerant people with an open mind about drugs, having taken quite a few themselves to reach their present age. I've been thinking about turning them on to a little grass, maybe even some cocaine. Is this safe?

A: Grass has been employed among old people in several studies (to relieve the anxiety of dying from cancer) and has proved safe and successful. I wouldn't lay any heavy grass on them, because the disorientation might freak them out. As far as cocaine goes, this could conflict with other medicines they may be taking. You'd better check with their doctor before laying out any lines of Peruvian for Granma and Granpa.

Q: Like many people in a big city, I have been keeping a little garden on the roof of my apartment building. Since I get high, several of my plants have been pot plants. Lately I've been trying to communicate with my plants by talking to them and keeping them company on pleasant days. I read The Secret Life of Plants and I saw in your first issue that you are planning articles on how to grow healthy pot. Unfortunately, no articles I've read have any advice on how to talk to pot plants. I make up by own dialogue and say things to them like "What's happening, man?" "Far out day for some sunbathing, honey," or "How's your bad old self." But my harvest this year hasn't been good; in fact, the quality is down from every previous season. Do you think I've been using the wrong approach?

A: Perhaps the plants felt that you were "ripping off" their green culture. Don't try to out-green your green friends. A pleasant "hello" would suffice. ☐

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• The "Three Cannabis" legal defense—Harvard botanist Dr. Richard E. Schultes testifies before a Florida court on the three types of cannabis, only one of them against the law.

• Mazatec Indian Mushroom Ceremonies—Eminent mycologist Gordon Wasson's recording of a Mexican shaman's mystic mushroom ceremony is reviewed.

• Nine Tons of Pot—The aftermath of one of the biggest busts of Colombian pot history.

THE SECOND ISSUE CONTAINS:

• I Was Kennedy's Dealer—A Camelot connection recalls history's hidden heads.

• U.S.S.R.—The Hashish Archipelago—Faded jeans can get you super kief and Hendrix records turn Natasha on. The Moscow and Leningrad dope scenes revealed.

• Interview with John Finlator—America's former chief narc speaks frankly about his years with the BNDD and debunks the pot laws as well.

• Cocaine Fiends—Sneak preview of the hilarious 1938 sequel to Reefer Madness.

• Death In the Desert—An investigative reporter reconstructs a border shootout in Arizona between a smuggler and two agents.

• Peyote Songs—The Indian songs of self-awareness turn out to be surprisingly relevant today.

• Report from the Fields—An eyewitness roundup of the coming autumn harvest on four continents.

• Laughing Gas—An excerpt from the definitive new book on the surreal 'sweet air' of William James and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

• Call Me Brick—A tasty Columbian beauty makes a unique centerfold.

FUTURE ISSUES:

• You'll read about 'smokeasies,' the increasingly popular dope boutiques where heads wile away the current Pot Prohibition. You'll read about the hidden laboratories of America, the new rage of underground psychedelic mushroom farmers in California, and the man the government pays to develop biochemical warfare against the pot plant. You'll discover the strange fate of oleomargarine heir Michael J. Brody's ashes, take a trip to the lush Columbian pot plantations, and feast your eyes on a color pictorial of pre-Columbian gold cocaine implements. You'll go behind the bars of maximum security prisons to get high with America's most "dangerous" criminals. You'll read about pyramids and ancient highs, the alpha wave high of ALD-52, the irresistible aphrodisiac called L-Dopa, and a sneak preview of the exotic drugs awaiting us in the year 2000.

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palmy days as head of Operation Intercept. You'll learn the ultra-technology of super-accurate dope scales, and the hilarity of Monopoly-like board games for dopers.

• You'll also learn how joints are rolled around the world, how to make a sexual pleasure dome, how to cultivate a lifetime supply of stash in your closet, how to make hash as explained by the world's greatest hash maker, and how to beat almost any drug bust.

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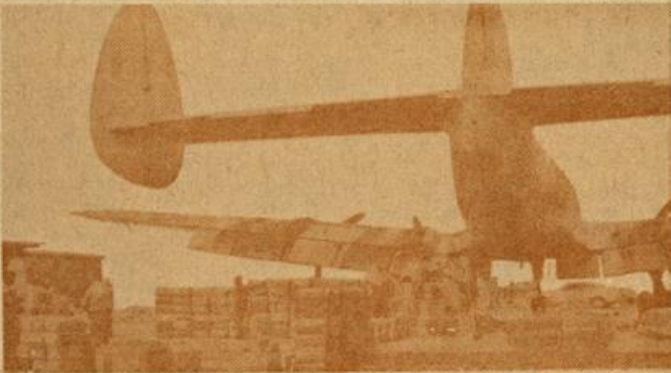
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HighWitness News

Vol. 1, No. 2

Fall '74



Four-engine Lockheed Super Constellation with 11,000 lbs.

ATLANTA POT HAUL

The Georgia Bureau of Investigation (GBI) discovered an abandoned four-engine airplane at tiny Winder Airport near Atlanta one late August morning containing 218 burlap-wrapped, fifty-pound bales of marijuana. There were no clues to what had become of the flight crew.

It seems engine trouble had forced the rented Lockheed Constellation down at Winder Airport, coincidentally evading the GBI, which had staked out about a dozen other airports throughout the state, waiting for

the goods to land.

The approximately eleven thousand pounds of pot were transferred to the local Atlantic Steel Co. furnaces for elimination. Atlantic officials, who had routinely melted down confiscated weapons for Georgia police as a courtesy, "had no idea it would take so long to destroy," according to a spokesman. The burning of the weed held up steel production for hours and would probably be the last in our incinerator."

Cannabis Carpetbagger

Pot was found growing on the plantation of Mississippi Senator James Eastland. A mysterious intruder had planted the patch unnoticed and it was discovered by an Eastland employee. Police and narcotics agents were called in and a stakeout begun near a church on the plantation. However, the phantom farmer escaped.

"We set up a stakeout with the highway patrol and narcotics agents," Eastland said. "But a narcotics agent tipped the fellow off so he never came back," he added with a chuckle. Eastland, a conservative, has recently advocated softer marijuana laws.



Are These Our Children?

Even while we sleep, vigilant avatars of culture shock watch over those who would raise their well-bred aristocratic hands against law and order. For example, Tuli Kupferberg, the well-known Fug, and Sylvia Topp have completed a collage-manuscript of news clippings of dope damages, which, when published, will lay before us all the relevant data in the cases of:

Peter Fonda: charged with marijuana possession, Van Nuys, Cal., August 23, 1966.

The next Lord Broughshane, apprehended with \$220,000 worth of LSD, London, Oct. 19, 1966.

John Drew Barrymore, son of the late John Barrymore, arrested Mon., Nov. 16, 1966, for possession of marijuana and dangerous drugs in Hollywood, Cal.

Nicholas S. Symington and Mark B. Gore brought shame and dishonor on their cousin Senator Stuart Symington (D-Tenn.) when they were fined \$120 each for possession of marijuana in San Diego, April 8, 1970.

Christopher A. Ladd was busted for marijuana in Morristown, N.J., on January 20, 1974. Chris' dad is Morris County's Sheriff.

Louis Henry Jourdan, son of French film star Louis Jourdan, was arraigned for marijuana

possession in Beverly Hills, Cal. on Jan. 7, 1969.

William Manchester got in trouble with everybody when he wrote "Death of a President." His son J.K. Manchester got into even more trouble for possession of drugs and abuse of a female minor in Middletown, Conn., on August 14, 1969.

In 1969, Dan Duryea's son Peter Duryea was charged with possession of marijuana.

John D. Case, warden of the Bucks County, Pa., prison, was "dismayed, just like any other parent," when his daughter Kathleen was nabbed in a drug raid. Case had just been named Jailer of the Year (1968) by the National Jail Association.

On Tuesday, January 27, 1970, a rich Chicago banker's son named Harvey Fleetwood III was arrested on charges of masterminding an international hashish smuggling ring.

Jerry Gifford, son of former NY Giant star Frank Gifford, was busted for pot on July 7, 1966.

Kurt Fiedler, son of literary critic Leslie Fiedler, was fined \$50 for marijuana possession on Jan. 12, 1970. His father is the author of *Busted* a reminiscence of his own drug bust, as well as *Love and Death in the American novel*. *cont. on p. 13*

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Even Your Best Friends Won't . . .

"Operation Whisper," an annual snitch-on-your-dealer campaign in Ocean County, New Jersey, had another successful year. Fifty-six persons, including eleven juveniles, were charged in Seaside Heights as the summer roundup of suspected drug traffickers came to a close.

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Americans Trapped in Mexican Prisons

AIM-J is a new organization dedicated to helping Americans in jail in Mexico. AIM-J was founded by Jerry Kamstra, the author of the book *Weed*.

Theoretically the U.S. Consul should help U.S. citizens but the government's zest in stopping dope means: no help. Turning to local aid, many Americans have learned that many Mexican lawyers will take advantage of the situation to fleece their clients and do nothing.

AIM-J's help comes in stages. Since you must have money to survive in a Mexican jail, the

first step is to get some money directly to indigent prisoners. A courier will go to Mexican jails with money, preferably on a weekly or otherwise regular basis.

Toward this end, San Francisco attorney Michael Hallinan has set up AIM-J as a non-profit organization and a trust account in the name of AIM-J has been established. The account is functioning. Jerry has put some money in and has promised to give 10% of the earnings of *Weed* to AIM-J.

The next step is to make a list of prisoners and find out their charges. Another list will be made of the two kinds of Mexican lawyers—good and bad. This information is essential to setting up legal defense work.

AIM-J is looking for information and money. Both should be sent to:

AIM-J
c/o Jerry Kamstra
247 Columbus
San Francisco, California
—Sam Silver

Music Makes Tomato Grow

Charles Roberts, 62, of Eastbourne, England, received the world's record for tomato growing for his tomato weighing 4½ pounds. The great gardener attributed his success to stereo earphones he put on the growing tomato, playing music into it continuously.

MONEY DOESN'T BRING HAPPINESS

Marvin Forest Flowers, 30, ran out of gas on U.S. 19, north of Clearwater, Florida. He was drunk and he pulled his 1973 Lincoln Continental to the side of the road to sleep until sober. Unfortunately, he and his attache case filled with \$336,556 cash were roused by a deputy at 5 a.m.; his wallet revealed papers with code names and instructions for a rendezvous off Jamaica. Flowers was arrested for drunken and disorderly behavior and was released on \$26 bail. However, upon release, he was immediately subpoenaed by Assistant State Attorney Richard Mensh and asked to answer questions about drug smuggling operations. He refused, even under the order of Circuit Judge John Andrews, and was sentenced to 120 days in prison for contempt. His lawyer, Marvin Weinberg of Boston, has argued that the search of Flowers' briefcase was illegal and that the State Attorney's office has no right to detain his client. Weinberg has handled several large dope cases in Florida and is known to travel worldwide to defend clients.

Flowers has been described as a high liver who, along with

an enclave of friends from Muskegon, Michigan, had settled into expensive sections of Clearwater and were known to keep a Lear jet and a helicopter available for constant use. One of Flowers' friends had a helicopter pad on his property that was surrounded by a six foot concrete fence. Weinberg and Flowers were reported seen together in the plane. Flowers refused to give his occupation, where he lives, how long he has been in Florida and any other information, despite a promise of immunity.

Eager IRS agents moved to impound the money found on Flowers and have received a certified check from a Pinellas County bank where the confiscated money was deposited. They have also sealed "numerous" safety deposit boxes in Pinellas County that Flowers had access to. Don Jentgen, manager for the Intelligence division of the Tampa IRS said that "it sounded like a pretty good source" for a charge of income tax evasion against Flowers.

Attention focused on documents found in Flowers' wallet that referred to the "George-



Some of the marijuana captured in a raid.

Is This Good for the Jews?

A former New York welfare department investigator pleaded guilty in Bronx Supreme Court to masterminding a \$500 million international narcotics ring. The ring was broken last July with the indictment and arrest of 33 persons.

Howard Zachary Fuchs, 27, a Yeshiva University graduate described by police as "a Horatio Alger of crime" faces up to 15 years in prison on charges that

he had bankrolled the transport of 600 pounds of cocaine and 4,000 pounds of hashish. His latest guilty plea follows by two months his conviction in Brooklyn Federal Court on a charge of conspiracy to possess and distribute 132 pounds of cocaine with a street value of \$30 million. Fuchs' girlfriend, Susan Moffit, 25, and a lieutenant, Edward Cohn, 26, face one-to-four-year sentences on lesser charges of conspiracy.

Fuchs, an emigrant from Poland, graduated from Yeshiva in 1968 as an economics major with a lackluster record. However, by 1973 after a stint at the N.Y. Welfare Department, he had amassed well over \$1 million from real estate, leather and textile import and export, rock music recording, unisex clothing and contemporary furniture. He rented a luxury apartment in the Kips Bay section of Manhattan and owned a \$70,000 redwood home, complete with swimming pool, in swank Scarsdale. He commuted between both in a \$14,000 Citroën-Maserati auto.

Bronx District Attorney Merola said that some of the companies in which Fuchs had an interest did considerable trading in such drug hotbeds as Morocco, Afghanistan and Colombia.

Tot Turn-On Tapped By Cops

Anthony Renteria, 20, of Union City, N.J., has been charged with passing a marijuana cigarette to a two-year-old child in a school yard. He was also charged with possession of 25 grams of marijuana and contributing to the delinquency of a minor.



Federal narcotics agents seized this shipment from mainland China near San Francisco. It was found to contain heavy starch.

There's An Electric Banana In My Ear

Deaf and mute students at Gallaudet College, the nation's only liberal arts college for the deaf, have a sign language description of a narcotics agent—an imaginary syringe is stuck into one arm, followed by the letter "C" (for cop) being made with the fingers across the heart. Only when a 23-year-old narco-

tics detective named Gregory Shelton walked on campus was there a need to use the signal.

Shelton, who had some rudimentary training in sign language, walked onto Gallaudet's campus last November and explained in halting sign language that he had just lost his voice. He spent six months on campus, making contacts and eventually purchasing drugs. "I was using pretense, a handicap," he said. "But I felt it was for a good reason. It's the first time the police got into their little oasis." Nine students were arrested and pleaded guilty through translators in U.S. Magistrates Court in Washington to charges of possessing marijuana. During a preliminary hearing, the government dropped its felony charges of selling and distributing narcotics in return for guilty pleas to misdemeanor charges of possession. All nine received suspended one-year sentences, probation and fines up to \$250.

Frank J. Bysrycki, 18, one of the defendants who is deaf but can talk, said, "Greg really fooled us all. We lived together like one big happy family, then one day... he was a narc."

Why Rubbers Are External Contraceptives

Two men who swallowed 24 condoms filled with Moroccan hashish oil arrived in London's Heathrow airport near death after the condoms burst in their stomachs. They had been on vacation in Tangier. They were later sentenced by the Crown Court to two-year suspended sentences for attempted smuggling.

STRANGE CELLFELLOWS

After 13 days, a hunger strike by 68 American and Canadian prisoners within Lecumberri prison in Mexico City was ended on July 22. Unfortunately it did little to alleviate the brutal conditions with which the prisoners, most of whom are jailed for drug possession, must live. According to the prisoners, they face daily torture and beating with fists, clubs and cattle prods. One woman prisoner had her earrings torn off, shredding her ear lobes. Mexican police officers later threatened to rape and kill her. Dozens of other prisoners were victims of unscrupulous Mexican lawyers, who promised to secure releases for an enormous fee then would terminate their relationship with their jailed "client" when the money was delivered.

Other prisoners were tricked into signing confessions written in Spanish that turned out to be statements of guilt more serious than the original crime, spokesmen for the prisoners' group said.

The hunger strike began in hopes of attracting aid from the American embassy in Mexico City. But the State Department has turned a deaf ear to the prisoners' complaints.

Death on the High Seas

The cargo may now be Colombian gold grass and not Incan gold treasures, but piracy is fast making a comeback as more and more profit is realized in dope smuggling by yacht. During the last two years at least thirty American seagoing yachts and cabin cruisers have allegedly disappeared in suspicious circumstances, and the U.S. Coast Guard suspects that boat owners are being victimized by drug smugglers in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico.

"We think what's happening is drug smugglers sign up as crewmen, kill the owners and use the boat to haul a shipment of drugs into the country. Then they take the boat out to sea, sink it and disappear," said Cmdr. Marshall K. Phillips, Coast Guard headquarters operations chief. He cited several examples of suspicious disappearances, one of which involved band leader Cy Zenter and four others aboard a brand new 54 foot yacht. "There was no reason for Zenter's disappearance," Phillips said. "The weather was good, the yacht was beautifully equipped, had excellent communications, and was a deep sea yacht in every way. We think

what happened is he may have fallen victim to pirates." Another case cited was the disappearance of two Americans who left Cartagena, Colombia, for California aboard a motorized yacht. Along the way, they took aboard two Frenchmen as crew. They never arrived in California, and several weeks later the yacht and the two Frenchmen were discovered in Martinique. The crewmen told officials they had dropped the Americans off in Panama. Both men were known to be involved in smuggling before. The Americans have never been found.

One cynic commented that the whole "missing yacht" campaign was merely another propaganda story to justify more antidrug laws.

cont from p. 11

Kingman Brewster III, son of former Yale president Kingman Brewster Jr., was arrested for possession of narcotics.

Senator McGovern's daughter and Mayor Yorty's sons and John Steinbeck have all paid their debts to society for marijuana sins.

Howard Samuels Jr., the son of Howie "The Horse" Samuels, who administers New York's Off-Track Betting system and who lost the race for governor in 1974, was busted for hash in 1970.

Samuels later told the press that five of his children have tried drugs.

Four out of five dentists recommend Crest.

Louis Barber was sentenced in London in 1970 on charges of possessing marijuana and permitting it to be smoked. Her father, Anthony Barber, is Chairman of the Conservative Party (U.K.).

Barry Goldwater said that a seven-year-old nephew whom he had warned against marijuana replied, "Uncle Barry, I've seen you drunk."

John Patrick Cahill, son of New Jersey Governor William T. Cahill, was arrested by Philadelphia police in 1970 on charges of marijuana possession.

Kim Agnew, daughter of Spiro Agnew, was arrested for marijuana possession when she was thirteen years old.

Perhaps Tuli's book, *Are These Our Children?* will be published eventually by someone. Meanwhile, commit this list to memory for scintillating pot party chitchat.

Flower Power

A year long "war" over the importation of Colombian roses and carnations into the United States has ended. In 1973 angry American flower growers protested that a Colombian government subsidy of the industry constituted a threat to their own economic health.

Colombia began exporting flowers in earnest two years ago when an international market was discovered. Since then, the industry has grown to \$12 million annually and employs 50,000, mostly women who have never before been able to provide income for their families. Last year, the United States revived a nineteenth century surtax on Colombian imports in response to pressure from growers at home. However, officials from both nations recently announced that no surtax was to be levied in the future. The popular flowers are grown in the lush Bogota valley. Colombians are pleased with the American decision; they had feared that similar surcharges would be applied to the many other products they export to America.

'Cold Turkey' Cure Fails: Poppies Grow Again!

In 1970, the Turkish government rejected a U.S. proposal to ban poppy cultivation, simultaneously announcing an intention to curtail production to an unspecified degree. In 1972, however, the Turks accepted the U.S. plan, as well as \$35 million in farm subsidies to help Turkish peasants shift to other cash crops. By March of this year, John Bartels, Jr., head of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, was

able to report to the U.N. Commission on Narcotic Drugs in Geneva that worldwide heroin traffic had been sharply reduced and that the level of hardcore heroin use in the U.S. had dropped some 60 percent from its 1969-70 peak, despite the failure of Turkish leaders to distribute more than half of the \$35 million.

On May 15, the Turkish government signed a bill granting amnesty to all drug violators convicted of crimes committed before the second week of February of this year, thus releasing nineteen U.S. drug violators but not ten U.S. airmen on trial for crimes committed since then.

On July 1, newly-elected Prime Minister Bulent Ecevit fulfilled his campaign promise to rescind the ban. (All candidates in the recent Turkish campaign made this promise to the impoverished poppy farmers of the Anatolia province.)

The reaction Stateside was swift. On July 5, Ambassador William Macomber was recalled to Washington for consultation. In New York, Mayor Abe Beam told Turkish authorities that their decision would cause "inestimable harm" to his city. "Turkey must listen to our plea and not be a partner in the vile narcotics trade," he said.

Syndicated columnist Pete Hamill, a foe of the Vietnam war, called for blanket bombing of Turkish poppy fields by American B-52's.

Turkey, a buffer state along the Soviet border, has received generous amounts of U.S. and N.A.T.O. military and economic aid since W.W. II; it may be facing the loss of this support. Although Turkish officials have denied any rift in Turkish-American relations, President Ecevit has repeatedly spoken about Turkey's refusal to appear "submissive" to her Western allies.

NORML on the March

Various groups looking to ease the drug laws have been active on different fronts lately.

NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) started a decriminalization advertising campaign on New York City buses this July. Through September, about 100 public buses will bring the problem of oppressive laws to the public with slogans such as: "If all marijuana users were put in jail, there would be no room for criminals" and "Can you imagine being sent to jail for possession of an ounce of gin?"

Marijuana decriminalization was a hot topic during the summer dog days in many state capitals, and the chances seem good that penalties for possession will be reduced, despite rising arrest rates. In California, home of the nation's highest arrest rate, the State Senate passed legislation reducing possession of less than four ounces of grass to a simple misdemeanor with a maximum first-time penalty of no more than six months in jail. The bill is expected to pass the State Assembly and be sent to Governor Ronald Reagan. Reagan has already vetoed two similar bills, but savvy observers suspect a better chance for this bill before a Reagan who is trying to expand his political base.

In New Jersey, State Attorney General William Hyland recommended the complete decriminalization of marijuana possession and the decriminalization of narcotics addiction. Hyland argued that more emphasis should be placed on medical,

cont. on p. 15, col. 4



Ancient temple column with hemp leaf motif.

Narchitectural Disaster

On Tuesday, August 25, a Miami office building housing the Federal Drug Enforcement Agency offices suddenly crumbled, killing one narcotics officer and injuring six other persons. The dead man was Special Agent Charles H. Mann, who had been active in the Miami area for about two years. One office worker, thought to be killed, was found to have taken sick leave the day before.

Miami Fire Chief Don Hickman speculated the catastrophe was caused by the agents' practice of parking confiscated cars on the roof of the building. He believed that some eighty vehicles parked atop the structure caused it to buckle and collapse.

How the narcotics agents acquired this habit is something of a mystery to Miami officials and citizens. Bill Neese, a building official, said he knew of no structure in the city which had cars parked on top of office space. Walt Shuit, county plans examiner, said no county buildings have been built with provisions for roof parking. "I would be highly doubtful any such build-

ing would ever be built in this county," he said. Even a straight parking garage would have to be looked at very carefully before it was approved in this county."

Chief Hickman said rescue workers administered painkilling drugs to hospitalized naves and office workers trapped in the rubble.

The DEA announced several days later that five men had been arrested in Miami on drug charges and noted that this proved the Bureau to be still effective even after tragic disaster.

Drug Graft Among Officials Crime Does Pay

Alan Murray, a former criminal investigator for the Justice Department, might finally be successful in his quest to expose "corruption at the highest levels" of his department, the Customs Service, The Border Patrol, and the Immigration and Naturalization Service in the Southwest.

Murray, 47, was retired last spring after a hit-and-run driver chased him up the sidewalk in San Ysidro, California. Murray had been exposing lower-level officials at the time; and he was on the verge of prosecuting some higher officials at the time of the "accident."

It took Rep. John M. Murphy (D.-Staten Island) to champion Murray's cause before his investigative findings were accepted by a House subcommittee on legal and monetary affairs. Of the officials Murray had already prosecuted, seven out of nine indicted were convicted.

FROGS BAD NEWS

Latest police reports from Darwin, Australia, are alerting the populace to be on the lookout for five killer toads still at large, after 18 escaped from a local biology teacher.

The eight-inch toads squirt a poison deadly to cats, dogs, and pigs. Ordinarily, they eat blow flies. These "sugar cane toads" will also eat anything from cigarette butts to ping-pong balls, and have been referred to as "walking vacuum cleaners."

The real danger that the five toads possess is their ability to reproduce at the rate of about 20,000 annually. The problem is so extreme that the local radio stations have been playing the mating call of the sugar cane toad in hopes of drawing them out into the open. Even local school children, carrying pictures of the species, have been sent out to comb the fields for the renegade toads.

Connect Celebs with Cannabis Crimes

On May 3, 1974, drummer Buddy Rich was fined \$75 for possession of marijuana and ordered to forfeit \$750 bail in Hobart, Tasmania.

James Miller, a member of the rock group War, has been arrested in Los Angeles for possession of marijuana and cocaine.

Twenty-year-old Kerry A. Kollmar, son of the famous columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, was freed on \$10,000 bond after being charged with selling two ounces of cocaine to federal undercover agents. Only nine years ago on November 8, 1965, Ms. Kilgallen herself was pronounced dead of a combination of alcohol and barbiturates.

There Are Many Mouths To Feed

A full-scale, two-and-a-half-hour battle was won by Chicago Municipal workers this summer when thousands of red ants attacked a motorist who had stopped to change a tire on the Edens Expressway. Highway maintenance crews used a mixture of weed killer, fuel oil and gasoline to quash the ant rebellion after fending them off with water so the driver in question could escape with his repaired car. The majority of the ant army was felled by fumes. A nearby anthill was "being kept under observation."

Mrs. Smith's Pies Beat Smack Rap

Judge Frederick B. Smillie fondly recalled Blanche Smith's pies when she ran the Norris-town, Pa. restaurant where the Montgomery County Bar Association gathered for lunch. So, when Mrs. Smith, age 76 and confined to a wheelchair, was brought before him on charges of selling heroin to state police undercover agents, Judge Smillie gave her six years of unsupervised probation. "If it can be used for the Vice-President of the United States, it can be used for you," Smillie told Mrs. Smith, referring to the sentence of unsupervised probation given to Spiro Agnew. Mrs. Smith had pleaded guilty to the charges.

"Since you left the Bar Association dining room, it hasn't been the same," the judge told a grateful Mrs. Smith.

Narcotics charges (possession of cocaine) against Linda Lovelace have been dismissed by a judge in Los Angeles.

Lt. Governor James H. Brickley of Michigan has announced that his son James Thomas Brickley, 17, will have to "take the consequences" of his decision to sell marijuana to undercover policemen.

Mayor Gail Anglada of Millstone, N.J., has been charged with growing marijuana beside her home in the peaceful Garden State village. She and her husband pleaded innocent to the charges, which entail a maximum fine of five years in prison and a \$15,000 fine.

Laughter in the Dock

Laughing gas almost became an uncalled witness at a London pornography trial. Stephan Balogh, son of Lord Balogh, Minister of State for Energy, was caught trying to enliven the trial by feeding the nitrous oxide into the courtroom air-conditioning system and was sentenced to a six month jail sentence.

He later won an appeal against the sentence. "In a country where in some parts law and order is imposed by tear gas, the law should make no exception to laughing gas," he said.

BMT Bummer

Charles Lisand, 17, was arrested in a Brooklyn subway train for buying \$10 worth of pot but the dealer got away. In a tense scene plainclothes police closed in, but a wave of resistance spread through the crowd, who besieged the pair of detectives, chanting "Kill the pigs!" in unison.

As a result the dealer got away. He is believed to specialize in subway sales.

Pot Pooches Needed

Apparently hoping to beef up its enforcement efforts, the U.S. Customs Service recently issued a nationwide call for young dogs with an "inquisitive, bold and willing disposition" to serve as drug sniffers along the U.S. Borders. Tough larger breeds are preferred, though any dog can apply.

Pot Arrests Higher

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) reports that the total number of persons arrested in the United States on marijuana charges rose to a record high: 420,700 in 1973. According to figures based on the F.B.I. Uniform Crime Report for 1973, marijuana arrests increased 43% over 1972.

Keith Stroup, Director of NORML, said, "This amazing increase in arrests for marijuana is ironic at a time when more and more groups, including the American Bar Association, are calling for decriminalization." Stroup continued, "this latest data should certainly add impetus to the drive to decriminalize the estimated 26 million Americans who occasionally smoke marijuana."

U.K. Dopers Found Hedonistic, Discontent

A study of marijuana smokers released in the British Journal of Addiction has come up with a rather unstartling revelation: grass smokers maintain "a broad tendency towards hedonism." They are more likely to smoke tobacco, get drunk, and find their studies in school unsatisfactory than the non-toker.

The study showed also that pot smokers "were no more likely to use hard drugs" than non-smokers, although the fear of going on to hard drugs from grass was strong in non-users.

One of the other overall conclusions of the English research was that smokers are more likely to be dissatisfied with himself and society.

DEALERS AID CHARITY

The New York Cannabis Merchants Association (NYCMA), a syndicate of marijuana dealers, recently donated \$1,000 to Geraldo Rivera's One-To-One program. The money will be used to help Willowbrook patients. The money donated by NYCMA is proceeds from profits made on marijuana sales. The thousand dollars was delivered anonymously to Rivera's account. In return, Geraldo Rivera gave the young man a One-to-One t-shirt and announced the donation on television.

Grandma Noses

A 74-year-old woman has been accused of attempting to smuggle \$210,000 worth of cocaine into the United States from Colombia. "Who could have done this to me?" exclaimed Madeline Partlow when 100 small tubes of the powder were found woven into a small rug she said had been purchased as a gift for her by friends in Bogota. The East Stroudsburg, Pa., widow was released on a \$10,000 personal recognizance bail by a Miami magistrate. "She's a real character," said one marshall. "She was scribbling everything down, saying she was going to hire a ghostwriter, and we were all going to be on television."

cont. from p. 14

not penal, solutions. A state legislative commission in New Jersey also recommended the decriminalization of marijuana and small amounts of hard drugs. A bill to that effect is expected in the State Senate soon.

In addition, (NORML) has announced that Ohio will be the target state for intensive decriminalization lobbying. It presently has the toughest marijuana laws in the nation.

Not to be outdone, British Columbians have organized a group called North West DOPERS (Drug Organization Providing Educational Rehabilitative Services), based in Kamloops, to fight Canada's pot prohibition. The organization plans to work in three main areas: legislation, education, and rehabilitation. DOPERS has been chartered as a legal entity under the Societies Act and is, according to founder Arthur Smith-eran, an organization for people directly or indirectly involved in the drug situation.

Meanwhile, further south, FORML (the F is for Florida), a Tallahassee-based group, has been publicizing a connection between increasing marijuana use and decreasing heroin use. By juggling some statistics, FORML has concluded "... that marijuana is in fact a deterrent to the use of hard drugs." The strategy seems to be working, at least to the point of some good local press coverage in a state where approximately 18,000 felony grass arrests were made last year, and it is estimated one million of the eight million residents have at least tried the herb.

HIGH CRIMES

When 11,000 pounds of hashish were seized recently at the U.S.-Canadian border, the only question was on whose side of the line one of the greatest hash hauls in history had happened. (Canada eventually got custody.) It also underscored overwhelmingly huge busts that have been made recently—the following among them.

- In Seattle, the Drug Enforcement Administration claimed to have seized approximately 1000 pounds of hashish worth about \$4.5 million. It was stowed in tins the size of large coffee cans, thus providing grounds for arrest.
- In Miami, two Colombians, Hernando Guarino and Eligio Antonio Arboleda-Lopez, were seized after they unloaded \$11-million worth of cocaine from a sea-going vessel.
- In Washington, D.C., a drug smuggling ring that had run \$327-million worth of cocaine into this country through Chilean diplomatic pouches and military flights was disrupted with the arrest of 22 persons in New York, Madison, Wisconsin, and Santiago, Chile. 16 of the 22 were Chilean military personnel.
- Five suspects and 2,439 pounds of hash were seized in a raid on a 48-foot racing boat, which docked in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., after a cruise thought to have begun in Morocco.
- The Sea Trader, a 150-foot freighter traveling under the Panamanian flag, was taken in tow by the U.S. Coast Guard cutter Calatin after issuing distress signals 800 miles east of the Florida coast. While it was anchored in the Bahamas, U.S. and local authorities boarded the Sea Trader to seize its light

cargo of 50 burlap bags into which were sewn \$15-million worth of hashish.

- Overall, the amount of hashish seized in the last six months in this hemisphere amounts to some \$31-million.
- The largest haul of marijuana ever uncovered in Britain was made by officials at the Liverpool docks where some \$7.2-million worth of weed was confiscated from among a shipment of brass objets d'art.
- The Louis XIV furniture sold and imported by the International Sea and Air Shipping Corporation of New York City often contained heroin, say police here, who found \$112-million worth of the powder in a shipment of the firm's furniture, none of which is genuine antique, anyway.
- Federal agents made 26 pounds of heroin unavailable to users in New York and elsewhere when they swooped down on an apartment in the Bronx in what is believed to be the largest heroin bust in New York. The heroin was valued at \$7.8 million.
- London bobbies seized 40,000 tablets of LSD, the largest haul of that drug ever made here. The tablets were said to be worth \$75,000 on the English black market.
- Anthony Verzino, 42, ran a \$9-million heroin ring from his home at 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y.—also known as Sing Sing. He masterminded the ring by giving instructions to his wife, who is now in Federal custody. After a brief parole, Verzino has been returned to his old upstate stomping grounds.
- 4½ tons of marijuana was seized in a raid in suburban Caroline, N.Y. The shipment was allegedly shipped in from the Southwest.

- Five tons of marijuana was seized from a tugboat by New Orleans police on June 8. The grass, estimated at a value of \$10 million, was allegedly destined for New York City.
- U.S. and Mexican agents made the largest seizure of marijuana on record near the U.S.-Mexican border at San Ysidro, Cal., on June 25. The haul weighed in at forty-two tons, valued in the U.S. at \$22.8-million.
- Mexican authorities seized 6.5 tons of marijuana at the border town of Tijuana, near California.
- Police found 7,500 pounds of marijuana hidden on an unnamed island in the Intracoastal Waterway near Palm Beach, Fla. The marijuana was in 50 bags, each weighing 150 pounds. Although no arrests were made, police think that the floating cache was left by a 41-foot vessel that was purposely burned down to the waterline a week previously. The operators fled.
- The U.S. Coast Guard found half a ton of marijuana (1,075 pounds) hidden on the shore of Government Cut, the ship channel for the port of Miami.
- Officers of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency found 15,000 pounds of marijuana in a truck at Chester, S.C. After the marijuana was chopped up, it was set ablaze in an open area deep inside Fort Jackson, an Army installation.
- Finally, police in California stated that 293,000 pounds of marijuana seized in the state in an eight-month period were enough to roll 33 million cigarettes. The agents also seized 24 million illegal amphetamine tablets, 191 pounds of heroin, 141 pounds of barbiturate tablets.

Masses Endorse Grass

Surveys taken throughout the United States have been continuing to show increased acceptance for grass.

- The Illinois State Bar Association Board of Governors has voted to recommend abolishing laws against the use and possession of marijuana.
- The Gallup Poll showed that the number of college students currently smoking marijuana continues to rise, and is now estimated at 55%, a 250% increase over surveys taken five years ago.
- Half the state legislators who responded to a New York State Bar Association poll believe that possession of small amounts of pot for personal consumption should not be classified as a criminal act.
- Harris polls taken over the past two years, which were sponsored by the National Institute of Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, have showed an increasing concern over the dangers of alcoholic beverages, while 10% less people viewed marijuana use as a serious problem.
- As the New Jersey State legislature contemplated reducing the penalty for possessing small quantities of cannabis from a criminal offense to a nuisance violation, the Star-Ledger took an informal poll showing that 54% of Jerseyites were in favor of such a move.

FORD ESCAPES ACID TEST

LSD was found brewing in a coffee urn at Chicago's McCormick Palace the night then-Vice President Gerald Ford addressed the National Computer convention. Nine hours after Ford concluded his speech and left, six stagehands became light-headed and giggly and were hospitalized. Laboratory tests by the Chicago Board of Health showed that the acid had been placed in the urn which made 8 to 12 cups before requiring a new package of coffee. The machine had been leased by the stagehands. Mr. Ford drank no coffee while at the convention and Secret Service agent Daniel Hurley said that he "seriously doubted that anything had been done to injure" the vice-president. However, "we are checking into it," he added.

Timothy Leary: Psychedelic Stool Pigeon

Timothy Leary has reportedly agreed to become a government witness, and is apparently testifying before a grand jury about his knowledge of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, the Weather Underground, and others.

Leary himself has been kept in isolation in recent weeks, and there is no confirmation of the situation from him or the government. But reliable sources report that he is being held in Sandstone Federal Prison in Minnesota and is testifying before a Chicago grand jury.

Other evidence of collaboration mounts. Six FBI men, accompanied by Leary's common-law wife, Joanna Harcourt-Smith, came to the Fitzhugh Ludlow Library and carried away the entire collection of Leary archives, containing numerous personal letters and private documents. The collection was on loan to the library from Leary. Attorney George Chula, who had Leary's case for several years, was indicted for allegedly having smuggled dope to Leary in prison. The government says Joanna Harcourt-Smith has supplied useful information in

that indictment.

It is also said that Leary has named a prominent San Francisco lawyer as the architect of his escape from prison in 1970. Another story, confirmed by Leary's attorney, says that Leary has made a two-hour videotape in which he denounces LSD, leftist politics, and his own role in both.

Some of Leary's friends do not believe that he has become an informer. His literary agent, Carol McKussick, says, "The government is just trying to make him look like a bad guy so no one will listen to him when he gets out."

Others feel that Leary is merely telling the government useless information. They point out that, since Leary has been in jail or out of the country since 1969, the statute of limitations has run out on most of the information Leary has, making it useless in legal prosecutions. The DEA has stated that their interest in Leary is merely historical.

A variety of other theories have been suggested for Leary's apparent course of action. Some people say he had been sub-



Photo: Robert Altman

Joanna Harcourt-Smith

jected to heavy drugs and behavior modification techniques. Others say that Joanna Harcourt-Smith had been busted by the DEA for cocaine, and had convinced Leary to tell all. An even more bizarre theory is that Harcourt-Smith is a CIA agent, but no evidence of that has been uncovered yet.

Leary's son, Jackie Leary, 25, announced publicly that he was not surprised at his father's apparent action and he called his father, "a selfish, egotistical, and power-crazy man who liked to drink more than he liked to drop acid."

One report has it that Leary has decided that nobody in the world should have secrets from anyone else, and that everyone should tell everything, and that he has decided someone has to get the ball rolling.

The most recent development is that Leary's request for parole has been denied.

One writer (who apparently hadn't been watching his calendar) lamented, "It's sad. The Sixties are really over."

And one narcotics agent chuckled, "For a lot of people who knew Tim Leary, the Seventies are over."

The Road to Rio

Exotic Rio de Janeiro, equated by many with intrigue and escape, has become the modern haven for international fugitives. Reports of faces from the wanted list seen on Rio streets are accumulating and fashionable sectors of the romantic town are being settled by such rogues as Ronald Biggs, infamous British train robber.

Lack of extradition treaties and other legal sanctions in Brazil are attractive to the wanted. Train robber Biggs settled in Rio after entering from Venezuela under a false name and faces possible deportation for illegal entry. In the meantime, he has settled in the famous beach resort area of Copacabana and is busy recording a jazz-rock album that details the events of his life up to the famous robbery in 1963, his escape from jail, and subsequent flight to Australia and Brazil.

Other famous fugitives include Mike Chunn, alleged

cocaine smuggler, who appeared in Rio TV cigar advertisements, and Australian Alexander Barton and his son Thomas, wanted in Sydney for questioning on the collapse of their \$22-million financial empire.

New Drugs Coming

Dr. Arnold Mandell, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at U.C. San Diego, has come to the astonishing conclusion that it may soon be possible to develop "exquisite" new drugs without side effects which will allow normal users to select the lifestyle they desire.

One ("pill A") will permit the user to be dynamic, active, and creative for three months. Another ("pill B") will permit him to summon every available molecule of aggression. Dr. Mandell calls the new drugs chemical coping agents.

Other coping agents will permit takers to separate more easily from loved ones. Still another

will make it possible for them to work twenty hours a day.

Snakes Used to Smuggle Coke

Federal drug agents arrested an alleged seven man cocaine-smuggling ring after tracing a shipment of cocaine hidden in bags of coral and other poisonous snakes at JFK airport in New York. The snakes were addressed to a Flushing pet shop which presumably was planning to peddle the reptiles at a multimillion percent profit.

"What customs inspector is going to stick his nose into that kind of bag looking for contraband?" exclaimed one puzzled narc.

Pot Pooches Needed

A federal appeals court in Washington, D.C. ruled that "Chief", the marijuana-sniffing pooch owned by the Yuma, Arizona police had acted constitutionally when it sniffed out a pot-laden footlocker at a Greyhound bus terminal. The

court rejected the appeal by attorneys for the man arrested for maintaining the locker, saying, "The conduct of the police was a model of intelligent and responsible procedure."

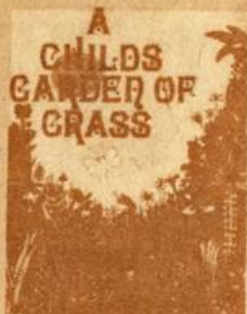
"No-Knock" Laws Knocked

By a decisive 64-31 margin, the Senate voted on July 31 to repeal the controversial "no-knock" provisions of federal drug laws—a legacy of the Nixon administration. Characterized by Watergate investigator, Sen. Sam Ervin as sanctioning the "methods of a common Burglar," the clause empowered drug enforcement agents to enter the homes of citizens innocent of any violation.

Acting to protect citizens from unconstitutional invasions of privacy in their own homes, the Senate now requires search warrants in all drug investigations. The repeal was approved with a new \$480 million drug control bill authorization.

New From NORML

National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws



"A CHILD'S GARDEN OF GRASS" BOOK
(\$3.25 each)



THE NORML T-SHIRT
Number of Shirts (\$4.50 each)
(Indicate by size)

S _____ L _____
M _____ XL _____



THE "REEFER MADNESS" MOVIE POSTER

Number of posters _____ (\$1.00 each)



HIGH FASHION TRAVEL BAG
Number of Bags _____ (\$4.50 each)



KEY RING (\$1.50 each)



GOLD MARIJUANA LEAF PINS
Number of Pins _____ (\$1.00 each)



"POT PRISONERS NEVER HAVE A NICE DAY" BUMPER STICKER
Number of stickers _____ (3/\$1.00)

LIBERATE MARIJUANA PRODUCTS



LIBERATE MARIJUANA STAMPS

Number of Sheets _____ (\$1.00 each)

LIBERATE MARIJUANA BUMPER STICKERS

Number of stickers _____ (3/\$1.00)

LIBERATE MARIJUANA T-SHIRTS

Number of shirts (\$4.50 each)
(indicate by size)
S _____
M _____
L _____
XL _____

LIBERATE MARIJUANA PATCHES

Number of patches _____ (\$1.00 each)

LIBERATE MARIJUANA BUTTONS

Number of buttons _____ (50¢ each)

LIBERATE MARIJUANA POSTERS

Number of posters _____ (\$1.50 each)

MARIJUANA PENALTY POSTER

Number of posters _____ (\$2.00 each)

In 1973 more than 420,000 people were arrested on marijuana charges. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws is a non-profit group conducting a public information/lobbying campaign at the local, state and federal levels to end the marijuana prohibition. We ask your support as a member, as a contributor, and as an organizer in this effort to legislate new and responsible marijuana laws.

BUY NORML PRODUCTS

All proceeds from the sale of these products are used to fund our legalization activities.

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John Finlator

The BNDD's former chief speaks frankly on pot, narcs, and other subjects.

In 1972, John Finlator resigned his post as Deputy Director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD). As America's chief narc, he occupied a controversial position. He deliberately made it twice as hot by openly advocating the decriminalization of marijuana while still in office.

*This year, Finlator published *The Drugged Nation: A "Narc's Story"* (Simon & Schuster), which takes us for the first time into the inner sanctum of drug law enforcement. Distasteful as this life seems to many, it is nonetheless rife with adventure, Mexican gunbattles, cocaine-laden diplomatic pouches, corruption, clandestine espionage, and death—all part of the job.*

The only story this retired narc does not tell is about the first time he smoked grass—it's something he hasn't yet found time to try. Although for many years he has fueled himself with liquor and cigarettes, he is nevertheless a member of the Advisory Board of the National Organization to Reform the Marijuana Laws (NORML). But don't let that fool you. "I can get better stuff than you've got," he told High Times.

Playboy staff writer Larry DuBois interviewed John Finlator for High Times.



“You should have the right to possess amounts like three ounces without fearing Prohibition-type arrest.... Decriminalization is coming soon.”

juana and what we didn't know. We also discussed the great amount of pot arrests that built up during the '60s. In the paper we came to the decision that marijuana ought to be decriminalized.

High Times: How did you decide?

Finlator: Well, we felt we ought to be paying more attention to the dealer than to the user. So we made a distinction. We decided that the ordinary person ought to have the right to possess small amounts like three ounces. They should be able to possess this without fearing Prohibition-type arrest.

High Times: Before we go further into your positions on decriminalization and your experiences in BNDD, let's talk about you, your past.

Finlator: In high school I was a jazz musician.

High Times: That explains it.

Finlator: I had my own orchestra with the unlikely name of Finlator's Footwarmers. I played dance bands in college. Then for ten years I was a radio announcer in Raleigh, North Carolina—I was a flop. After that I taught and coached football at my high school. I started with the government in the Depression years, in the post office in Raleigh. From there to eight different departments, as investigator, agent, administrative positions before I went to head up BDAC.

High Times: You left the federal law enforcement field right around the time Watergate was beginning to happen. What was your relationship with John Mitchell?

Finlator: I knew John Mitchell and had a good working relationship with him. I remember that Martha Mitchell organized the Justice Department wives. They were looking for something to do under the aegis of Mrs. Mitchell. The drug problem was good for them, talking to parents and young people. Nothing really came of it, except we got to know her. We would see them sometimes in the wee hours of the morning when we'd have a big bust and they'd come down to the Bureau and spend most of the night with us.

High Times: When you retired and joined NORML, what sort of reactions did you get from friends and colleagues in BNDD, Justice, and the White House?

Finlator: One of utter amazement, not believing it. Of course, some individual people within the bureau are still friends. "Crazy John, but he's still a

High Times: Now that you've left the BNDD, how do you see yourself in relation to law enforcement in America? Especially regarding marijuana?

Finlator: I still consider myself a strong law and order man, but I have a different view of pot from many of those people. I think we should decriminalize it. And I think a lot of law enforcement people, as well as people in the HEW [Department of Health, Education, and Welfare] and NIMH [National Institute for Mental Health] feel somewhat as I do, that marijuana is relatively harmless and we ought to decriminalize it.

High Times: You feel that way now, in 1974. When did you change?

Finlator: I changed in 1966. I was director of BDAC [Bureau of Drug Abuse Control], which was a law enforcement outfit in the FDA [Food and Drug Administration] and HEW was quite concerned what their stance should be on marijuana. HEW wanted a position paper, and I got tagged for the job. While doing it, my staff and I debated for months what we knew about mari-

**‘We’ve hired a number of guys
right out of the ministerial schools,
and some from the priesthood,
for undercover work.’**

buddy.” To tell you the truth, I’m very happy to be in the company of some of the people who support marijuana reform, like the Consumer’s Union, the President’s Commission, the Le Daiu [the Canadian national commission investigating marijuana], Professor Grinspoon, Ramsey Clark, the Board of Trustees of the AMA, and such great conservatives as James Kilpatrick, Art Linkletter and William Buckley.

High Times: After 1968, weren’t you suspect within the Nixon administration? “Finlator’s soft”?

Finlator: I think they always knew I was soft on that one issue, but I wasn’t suspect, or I never would have remained as Deputy Director. I don’t think Nixon gave a damn about marijuana. But being the smart, intelligent politician, probably the most intelligent since Franklin Roosevelt, he thought that the myths are still out there, and the great percentage of the people were with him when he said, “I will not decriminalize, I will not legalize pot under any circumstances.” The great majority of the people said hooray and cheered for him.

High Times: What’s your sense of the public attitude towards marijuana legalization today? Are we kidding ourselves about change being around the corner?

Finlator: The last Harris poll showed seventy percent still against legalization. But when asked how they felt about the new Oregon law, where marijuana is treated like a parking ticket, thirty-six percent favored it with forty-nine percent opposed. So you can see the trend. Decriminalization is coming soon.

High Times: Why did seventy percent of the public decide marijuana was so bad?

Finlator: Before Harry Anslinger came along, the public didn’t know anything about marijuana and didn’t care. They just believed what people told them. Particularly, the Mexican-Americans were using it, and we thought that was bad for a number of reasons. Racial bias was one of them.

High Times: You undoubtedly followed the Marijuana Initiative in California in 1972, which was the first major attempt to bring straight voters around to the pothead’s point of view. What’s your opinion of that approach now, considering that it failed in California although it did receive thirty-four percent of the vote?

Finlator: It was a success and a failure. It wasn’t a big loss. It showed there were a lot of people in favor of it. And it will come up a second and third time,

and if they can garner the right state leaders, who will guide them into a more dignified campaign, I think it’s got a chance.

High Times: How long were you at BNDD? Could you see any changes beginning while you were there?

Finlator: I was there from its creation in August, 1968, from two previous bureaus. That was a point when the government started lessening its negative attitude toward marijuana, from an enforcement point of view. That went along with the lessening of the laws from a felony to a misdemeanor. Most people don’t realize that that came from a law enforcement outfit itself. BNDD actually proposed that the time had come to make at least the first offense a misdemeanor, and we hammered it out, and got the Justice Department and Congress to approve it. It was really a step forward, I say it was a helluva step forward considering the risk.

High Times: Where does DEA [Drug Enforcement Agency—the superagency that superceded the BNDD] get its narcs today?

Finlator: In the old FBN (Federal Bureau of Narcotics) they used to take guys off the streets who talked out of the side of their mouths, because they thought they might be good for undercover work, knowing the street ways they did. But a lot of these guys got into trouble. Later, we instituted a requirement that no one except college graduates would be accepted. Some today are ministers. We’ve hired a number of guys right out of the ministerial schools, and some from the priesthood, for undercover work.

High Times: Could this change in types account for the change in attitude at BNDD while you were Deputy Director?

Finlator: When you go out today and hire hundreds of young agents, they’re not all squares. Some of them were probably hippies at one time. Now you take a hundred young men out of college today and tell me they’re not smoking grass, and I’ll say horseshit.

The first day of a new training period I’d go in and look at those fifty-some guys, beards, cool characters—some of them look like they’ve just come from Haight-Asbury and some from Harvard. We had a rule: we always asked, have you used any drugs? Have you ever smoked marijuana? If they said yes we refused to hire them. A bad rule, but we had it. But they wanted in so bad they soon learned to lie to that question.

High Times: You think most narcs today aren’t interested in pot?

Finlator: I believe that most intelligent

police wish we could settle the marijuana question and get on to the real drug problems, not just messing around busting kids for grass.

High Times: You obviously have a lot of respect for the men in the drug law enforcement field. If your estimate of these men is still valid, why do narcs have such a bad reputation?

Finlator: It’s the local narcs that have usually given the drug culture a bad time. It was really the local narcs that gave narcs a bad name.

High Times: Were you personally involved with marijuana busts?

Finlator: As much as anybody else.

High Times: What did that consist of?

Finlator: I was in an administrative position, which isn’t the same as being out on the streets.

High Times: So tell us a few inside stories.

Finlator: Back in 1966 or ‘67, there was a story came out of Haight-Ashbury, that there were certain procedures by which you could process banana peels—dry them and smoke them and get a beautiful high. This story was carried by the underground press. One magazine printed the process. AP and UPI picked up the story, and people thought there was something to this banana story.

We didn’t know what the hell was going on. At the time I was director of the BDAC, so we bought thirty pounds of bananas, took them into our laboratories and cooked them and scraped them and smoked them and did everything else the underground press told us to do. We really worked on the thing, and after about three months we found that it was a real put-on. It was a beautiful put-on.

High Times: Were there any other put-ons?

Finlator: Catnip was another one. This was about ‘69. You could use catnip and it was a great high. Pet shops that had been selling two or three packets a week were suddenly selling it by the pound. Well, we went through the same things, explored the dangers of catnip, but by the time we found out the true story, it had died out.

Then there was a Dr. Da Silva in New Jersey who went to the school board at Garfield, N.J., and told them he had a test by which he could prove, by a swab of the mouth, whether any of the kids had ever smoked marijuana. The school board, the PTA, the principals, the police department, the mayor got together and were about to sign a contract: five dollars a head for the whole town. The kids found out and raised

**‘We took thirty pounds of bananas into the lab,
cooked, scraped, smoked, and did everything else to them
the underground press told us to.
But it was a put-on.’**

hell. It leaked to the press, and some of our pharmacologists knew it must be a hoax. The whole community was up in arms about what to do about Dr. Da Silva, and by the time the city fathers caught on, the guy was gone from the country. They never heard from him again.

High Times: Does the DEA [Drug Enforcement Agency—the super-agency that oversees all operations] see it in their interest to continue prohibition? Or are they merely reflecting the Administration line?

Finlator: I think that if we passed the Javits-Hughes decriminalization bill that most of the law enforcement people in the country would say, thank God we don't have to worry about that problem any more. But so long as there is a law, most will continue to enforce it.

During Prohibition, when John Nance Garner was in Congress, at the end of a day he'd call in his newspaper friends, lock the door, open a bottle of bourbon, and say, "Now let's strike a blow for freedom."

High Times: Have there been any repercussions from your decision to go upfront on marijuana?

Finlator: Not really. Kind of a "leave him alone" attitude. I say what I believe, that I think that no conceivable amount of law enforcement can stop the marijuana traffic, and I go to bed at night and sleep like a baby. I know I'm right.

I am not pro-grass at all. I just don't believe we should arrest people for simple possession and use. I look around and see my friends along with millions of people using it and I see a growing disrespect for the criminal justice system. I expect to see the time when people are out carrying banners and really fighting for a change in the pot laws. That's coming for sure.

High Times: When you explain your position you are very careful to make the distinction between legalization and decriminalization. Could you explain that?

Finlator: Before you can start talking about legalization, you've got to take the first step. Decriminalization would eliminate criminal penalties against the user, but retain them against the seller. Legalization would go a step further and create a legal market where the smoker could purchase it without going to the black market. Legalization is going to be damned difficult. But decriminalization could be easy. I think it's going to be done politically, step by step.

Last October, Oregon adopted a form

of decriminalization, which other states are watching closely. Several additional states will probably adopt decriminalization in the 1975 session.

I favor decriminalization rather than legalization, in order to continue a policy of discouragement by focusing law enforcement resources against the seller. We may eventually want to legalize marijuana, but for now I would be satisfied with decriminalizing the user.

If you're gonna have eventual legalization, you're likely to have big companies in there making money out of it. Someone's gotta produce it. We have a capitalistic society. Someone needs to study various methods of legal distribution. The government will undoubtedly license manufacturers and distributors. So when we get to the "keep the companies out", that's just a bunch of shit. Maybe it will be Ford Motor Co., or ABC Pot Co., but what's the difference? They're still going to make money and be just like R.J. Reynolds.

High Times: Are rumors about cigarette companies preparing for legalization true?

Finlator: I would suspect that they have an abiding interest.

High Times: Are you, then, totally persuaded that legalization will happen eventually and this isn't just wishful thinking?

Finlator: When you find a society such as ours that uses a substance such as this as much as we do, something must happen. Here we are in 1974, with twenty-six million people using or experimenting with grass, and it's not just kid stuff anymore. It's people in my profession, young doctors, lawyers, dentists, men in the executive suite. So it's not just kid stuff. Marijuana is today, in many parts of our society, a respectable drug for recreational use. It's going to come down to the proposition that an American has a right to any substance he wishes so long as it doesn't harm others.

High Times: One of the excuses for keeping grass illegal is that it causes fatal car accidents.

Finlator: I'd rather be riding with a guy who's stoned than with a guy who's drunk, or on heroin.

High Times: What about the effectiveness of local initiatives to decriminalize grass, for example the Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti referendums?

Finlator: That's good if it can hold up in court. But what in the hell does a town like Austin do? At the University of Texas, some seventy percent of the students smoke, the student president testified before the State Senate. And

they have forty thousand students there. What does a community like Austin do with forty thousand students, seventy percent smoking, with a penalty of two years to life? Easy to say we don't have to do anything.

High Times: Speaking of Texas, how did Operation Intercept get started, and was it successful?

Finlator: Oh, it was a big failure. It was destined to be a big failure. They were stopping people at the border, the average tourist and businessman. The smart guys just took a vacation and quit. Secondly, many had already moved into plane trafficking. Everybody today realizes Operation Intercept was a mistake and a fiasco. Desperate men grabbing at a straw.

High Times: Has acid been much of a concern with narcs lately?

Finlator: LSD hasn't been resolved by law enforcement, but by the people who've stopped using it. When I left the BNDD, there were ninety different machines making LSD tablets that we knew about, but we didn't know where they were. Owsley taught them how to do it. He was the kingpin. We were watching him for a year before we got him. I sent out the order to the L.A. office saying to spend all their time on him. We burned many a car watching him. We were watching him by police helicopters. But every time we'd get him holed up somewhere making the stuff, by the time we got there and got ready to bust it, everything was gone. He finally made a couple of stupid mistakes and we got him.

High Times: What stupid mistakes?

Finlator: Selling himself.

High Times: Why haven't rock groups and festivals been busted more?

Finlator: Simply because we felt it was not good publicity. It was bad publicity, and it didn't prove anything. I can see Harry Anslinger going in and putting them all away at Woodstock. There was a helluva difference between the old FBN and BNDD.

High Times: One of the most publicized attempts of the BNDD to deal with the "real" problem of heroin pushing was the Heroin Hotline. How did that work out in practice?

Finlator: It's been a big failure. Who in the hell's going to use it? What they got was a large percentage of crank calls, guys calling up and saying, "You a narc? Fuck you!" You can call them right now. I've got the number.

High Times: I wouldn't want to admit to you that I'd do something like that.

Finlator: Oh, I've done it several times . . . but not on the telephone. ☐

Harvest

crop reports from

In some places the harvest has been good, while in other places it has been not so good, depending on which side you stand. It has generally been a year to which narcs could point with pride, but poor weather accounted for more scarcities than all the activities of the carabinieri. In some cases, farming efforts have failed entirely. In other cases, they've been driven back into the mountains and other remote areas. The good crops that did appear, abetted by the increasingly sophisticated methods and hardware of farmers, rogue smugglers, and dope entrepreneurs, have insured that an ample supply of marijuana, at least, will once again be available for another year.

Asia

In the subcontinent of **India**, the vital province of **Kashmir** has experienced a good, but not great, harvest of the gummy ganja essential to the hashish production. A moderate Himalayan winter has allowed a healthy harvest, and monks have been toiling overtime in the fields, both in Kashmir and even in critical **Nepal**, whence comes much of the hemp for Kashmiri hashish. Despite unprecedented anti-pot regulations recently decreed in Nepal, there has been little restraint of trade yet. Travelers report long camel caravans bearing *charas* down from the mountains. The attempted cornering of the Nepalese hashish market by an ambitious cartel of rascally U.S. and Dutch importers has failed utterly. This year, a huge religious festival is expected to consume most of the Kashmiri hashish, leaving little for export. What little there is will probably go to **Australia**. Next year, the fertilizer shortage brought on

by the fuel shortage (a petroleum by-product is used for fertilizer in India) portends problems. The outlook for next season is guarded.

Pakistan has had a good crop, and you can look for some gold seal hashish from that area this year.

Elsewhere in Asia, the prospects seem less promising. There is no good news from **Afghanistan**. Recent political fulminations and spotty weather have left Afghanistan with little exportable hashish, especially of the desirable hand-pressed type from the Mazar-i-Sharif area. The situation is reportedly not much better in the Soviet **Uzbekistan**, where it seems a new Five-Year-Plan may be needed to fulfill the skyrocketing demand from Leningrad, Moscow, and other Russian cities. Young Soviet smugglers with fistfuls of rubles have been observed making huge buys in Katmandu.

Further to the East, in the Golden Triangle area of **Burma**, **Laos**, **Vietnam** and **Cambodia**, the harvest is good, but best in communist-held territory. With the departure of large contingents of U.S. troops, little of the crop is being exported, since local drug lords see little profit in shipping the bulky weed to far-off markets. Moreover, local consumption is the rule in Southeast Asia.

With increasing Burmese and Thai military pressure on the nationalistic Shan guerillas who control the opium routes, the opium harvest is stalled in the mountains, and the replanting of Turkish fields does not bode well for the isolated Asians.

In **Thailand**, the continued presence of extensive U.S. air bases and a potent crop of hand-manicured Thai weed foretells more supply and delivery of that

popular Asian boo.

As for Asia Minor, **Turkey** not only drubbed the Greeks on Cyprus, but has boldly replanted its own poppy fields. Although the Turkish crop has not even been reaped, over \$100 million of Turkish opium has been pre-sold to pharmaceutical drug cartels.

Along the Levant, hashish production is being hampered by harsh security measures and the heat which is general throughout the Mediterranean, from Interpol as well as the sun. There is plenty of Lebanese hash, but only for export—small amounts are difficult to obtain in **Lebanon** itself. Most of it will be consumed in Europe and by the hungry U.S. Sixth Fleet, the largest consumer group in Europe. U.S. military and tourist dollars have run up the price of hashish so much in Europe that it is now more profitable to sell it there (or in Australia) than to bring it into the U.S.

Africa

Although Central Africa has experienced the worst drought in decades, the fertile slopes of the Atlas Mountains have not suffered noticeably. The hashish mills are grinding, and the royal-sealed hash should once again be abundant throughout Europe and some should make it to the U.S. and Canada.

The upper rim of the **Congo** and **Kenya** have been plagued with searing heat, but spectators returning from the Ali-Foreman fight extravaganza in **Zaire** report that black Congolese weed is there for the taking. Marijuana is so plentiful that pygmies make their huts from it. To date, however, there has been little export effort. Most of the remainder of the grass crop on the African continent looks good, but will

Herald :

around the world

be consumed locally. The one exception is **South Africa**, where pot is in unusually short supply.

South America

Jetting down to the land of fugitive Nazis and lush pot plantations, we find that tons are already warehoused. In fact, last year's crop was so big that some of it is still warehoused. In **Colombia** and **Brazil**, the even climate and the expert hill farmers have once again brought forth a bumper crop of mota weed, guaranteeing an abundance of Colombian for export. Travelers to Santa Marta Province report that the very best pot will, as always, be in limited supply. The construction of two hash factories in Colombia promises an entirely fresh source of hash and hash oil.

Cocaine-wise, inflation has put a nasty bite into the cocaine dollar, even in South America where a dollar still goes a long way. The coca-producing regions of **Peru**, **Ecuador** and **Bolivia**, as well as **Chile** and **Colombia**, have been subject to a bewildering array of political reversals that have resulted in a lot of heat and widespread arrests in some areas and new cooperation in others.

Because coca is grown in both the mountains and valleys of the Andes, a crop is always being harvested somewhere. A stern new right-wing junta in Chile and a puritanical left-wing junta in Peru have jolted the once-burgeoning markets in both countries. But sources close to cocaine refineries in Bogota and Santiago report that an apparently insatiable demand for cocaine means that the supply will continue, although no one can say at what cost.

North America

In the world of hemp agriculture, **Mexico** is to marijuana what Kansas is to wheat. Indeed, the emphasis in the land of manana is on quantity rather than quality, and despite a forty-ton fumble in Tijuana and extensive infighting within the so-called Texas Syndicate, the usual vast quantities of Mexican reefer will be trucking and flying north again this year. From all reports, it's a good crop, although the Mexicans' attempt to squeeze in three harvests in one season in Culiacan and Guadalajara means that the pot coming in may have been picked too early and cured too little. Although immature and green, however, it is still fairly good.

As for the potent grades from Oaxaca and Zacatecas, these are also available, but already earmarked for delivery primarily in California and the Rocky Mountain states. Some of the weed coming in may look like someone did a Mexican hat dance on it, but that's because hard-pressed smugglers are trying increasingly weird border tactics. Look for a good harvest of magic mushrooms from Mazatec, although these will not be very available in the U.S.

In Central America, modest growing efforts in **Guatemala**, **Costa Rica**, **Nicaragua**, and other banana republics are reportedly underway, but little export is taking place yet. Increasing dissatisfaction with U.S. banana prices are opening up new fields there. Don't look for any quantity from **Panama**, where the large U.S. and native population consume most of the crop locally. Most of these Central American growing areas are still undeveloped.

Formerly a mainstay of the cannabis commodity market, **Jamaica** probably

has the dimmest outlook of any of the pot-producing provinces. Not only has the crop been bad this year, but revolutionary simmerings have precipitated a jumpy Jamaican government to attempt a total shutdown of the pot trade. Reportedly, some riled Rastafarians had taken to spurning cash and demanding guns for their ganja. Roadblocks, army sweeps, destruction of numerous illicit airstrips and constant surveillance of the remainder, midnight coastal patrols and mass arrests are the order of the day. There is still plenty of weed in Jamaica, but only a trickle for export.

In the **U.S.** and **Canada**, a new breed of hemp farmers are growing crops they can finally be proud of. The importation of superior strains of Mexican, Jamaican, and Colombian seeds has caused a rapid and dramatic increase in quality and, while quantities are still modest, more and more good local weed can be expected. In fact, some carefully tended examples from Florida, California, and even Oklahoma and Pennsylvania are meriting prices in excess of \$300 per pound. An attempt to grow coca plants in the high altitudes of Colorado was nipped in the bud by sharp-eyed narcotics agents. Peyote buttons are plentiful throughout the Southwest.

Large fields of hemp are reported in Canada. Magic mushrooms are numerous in Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia.

Despite a favorable climate, the crop of usually powerful Maui and Kauai grass from **Hawaii** has been poor. A bust of a major ring smuggling the fluffy green buds to the mainland has not helped. Don't look for much Hawaiian this year. ☐



DEATH IN THE DESERT

by Mark Wm. Nykanen

In the southern Arizona desert, three miles north of the Mexican border, and forty miles east of Nogales, stretches Lochiel Road: a bleak stretch dotted with scrub pine, manzanita trees and prairie grass.

In the dawn of April 25, 1974, two young schoolgirls, Nancy and Julie Searle, walked down a road on their way to classes. Up the road, they saw a pickup truck half on the shoulder, a door hanging open. On the door was the insignia of the U.S. Customs Bureau. On Lochiel Road, customs vehicles and officers are a common sight—even the youngest schoolchild is aware of the illicit marijuana traffic that filters at night through the Huachuca Mountains. The schoolgirls began to feel that something was wrong: it was too quiet and the door was unattended.

Suddenly, Julie Searle saw a man with a mangled head lying on the road. Then she saw another man's bloody body slumped over the wheel of the truck. The girls ran home. Their father notified the police and when the police arrived, another truck was found at the bottom of a nearby ravine. Its rear window was riddled with buckshot and under the truck was another dead man.

That same morning, several hours

before the Searle girls awoke for school, a marijuana smuggler and two border patrol agents had engaged in a bloody shootout that took their lives and marked the deadliest event in the Mexico-Arizona border region in the last half-century.

Michael Williams, who friends called "Big Mike", (six feet, four inches, two hundred fifty pounds) was the veteran Arizona smuggler trapped in the events of early morning, April 24. Forty-four years old, Big Mike affected western clothing, a flat-crowned brown cowboy hat, and a Clark Gable mustache. His hair was blonde and short, and his face was weather-beaten and pock-marked from old acne. "He looked like a man from the school of hard knocks," a friend said later, adding, "Mike was a freak of his own type, but not a '67-on type of freak. He was the sort of guy who is always an outcast because of his size and menacing looks."

"When he stepped into a room for the first time, all conversation would stop and you could hear people think, 'Who the fuck is that?'" Another of his friends recalled Big Mike's impression on strangers, "Mike knew he freaked people out. They always would think he was The Man, so he would try and quell their fears. He knew what they were thinking; it had happened so many times before."

In many respects, Michael Williams did come from the school of hard knocks; he was an ex-con from California with eleven years of prison behind him.

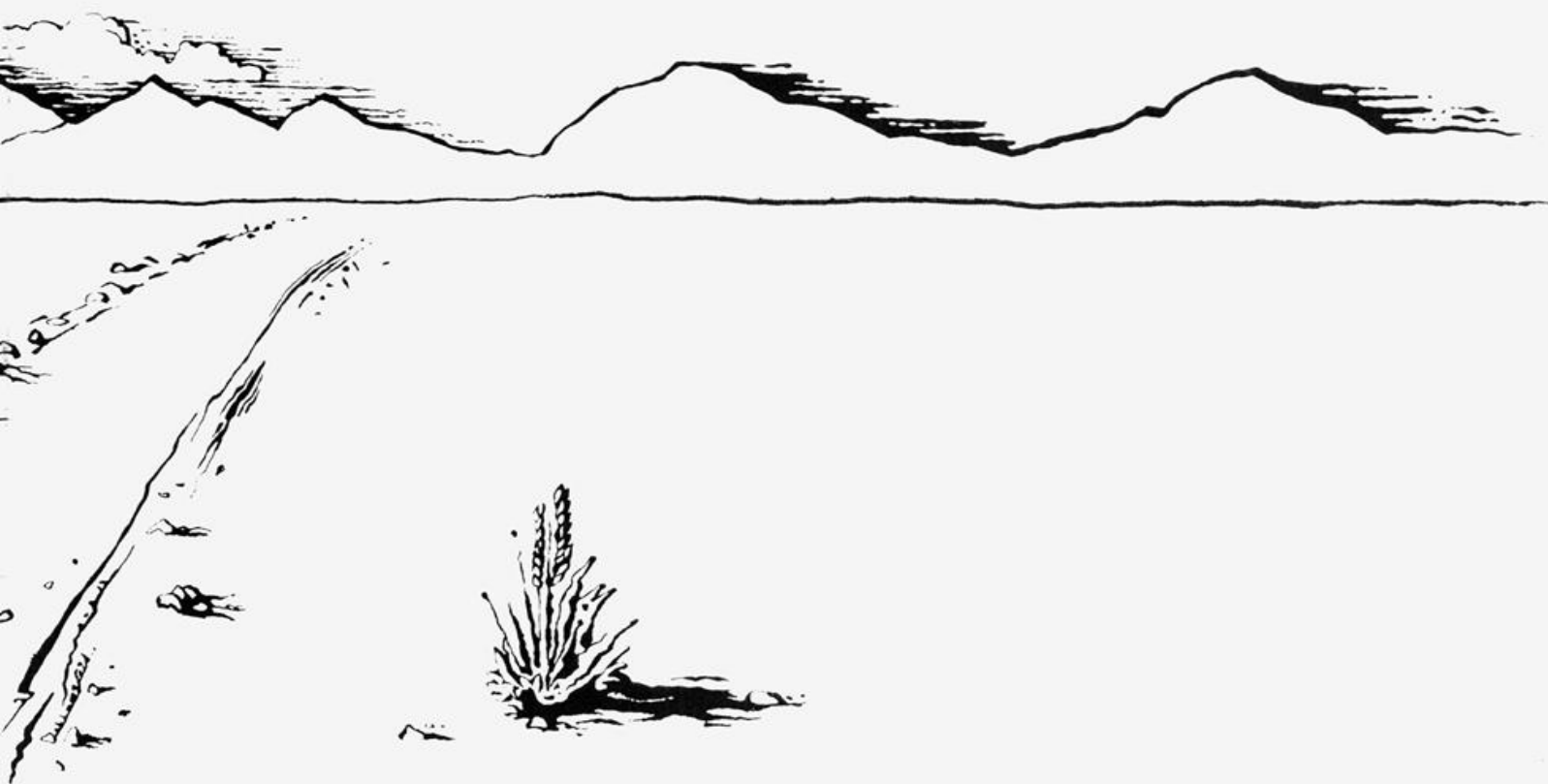
Mike's first stretch was done in Chino Institute for Men in 1953—for second-degree "burg", as the secretary of their records department puts it. From Chino, Big Mike graduated to Folsom, San Quentin, and Soledad.

When Mike left California in '64, he wasn't a free man. He rarely spoke of his prison experiences, but a close friend explained his intense hatred of them, saying, "Mike said he used to get beaten a lot in the joint; screws were always proving how tough they were by beating a large man like him."

Often he told his friends (mostly younger), "I'm forty-four. I've done a lot, and I won't go back to the joint."

Williams skipped California with a warrant out for his arrest, setting his bond at \$25,000 for possession of marijuana with intent to sell. In Arizona, he began a marijuana smuggling career that spanned nearly a decade before he was killed driving two hundred pounds.

As a smuggler and dealer Big Mike had a solid reputation built around a shoestring operation. Mike never had the airplanes and boats of the wealthier smugglers who work the coast and airways of Mexico and South America. He



had only a small camper and a pickup truck for bringing up their load every two or three weeks. His method of smuggling marijuana, and his routes, varied. When possible, Mike would sneak across the frontier in his pickup; but he was also known to backpack large quantities of smoke across the border, where he'd later arrange recovery.

Williams' final decision to use the route along Lochiel Road may have been based largely on the fact that he was working alone. Until six months before he had worked with a partner. As a border run, the Lochiel Road route is relatively easy to navigate; there's a road all the way, no border stations, and it's possible for one person to pull it off. But the road is well known as a smuggler's alley, and Border Patrol agents often park among the trees and wait, as they did when Big Mike came barreling through at 2:00 a.m., April 24.

The agents who spotted Williams as he headed north through the boondocks were part of a seventy-five man dope strike force whose job was to interdict the increased flow of "illicit" drugs into the United States.

Louis D. ("Bud") Dixon and Charles J. ("Bo") Bokinskie were with the Customs Service only three months before their fatal encounter with Williams. Ac-

cording to the one old border rancher, the strike force is "a bunch of Eastern boys who don't know the area".

Marshall Paul Smith of Patagonia, Arizona, knew Dixon and Bokinskie well. Smith has a great deal of affection for both men but was quick to point out their weaknesses. "Bud 'n' Bo were completely out of their element", he says. "They didn't know the people in Arizona, the dealers and smugglers, and what they were like. They didn't know the land, but they fell in love with the country and they wanted to stay." Smith adds, "They were both Eastern boys, you know."

Dixon had left the North Carolina Highway Patrol to work for the Customs Service. Bokinskie had been a sky marshal in San Francisco prior to transferring to Arizona last September. Both men had experience in law enforcement, but neither had ever faced the unique demands placed on men who patrol remote desert and mountain regions. So remote that backup assistance is hours away.

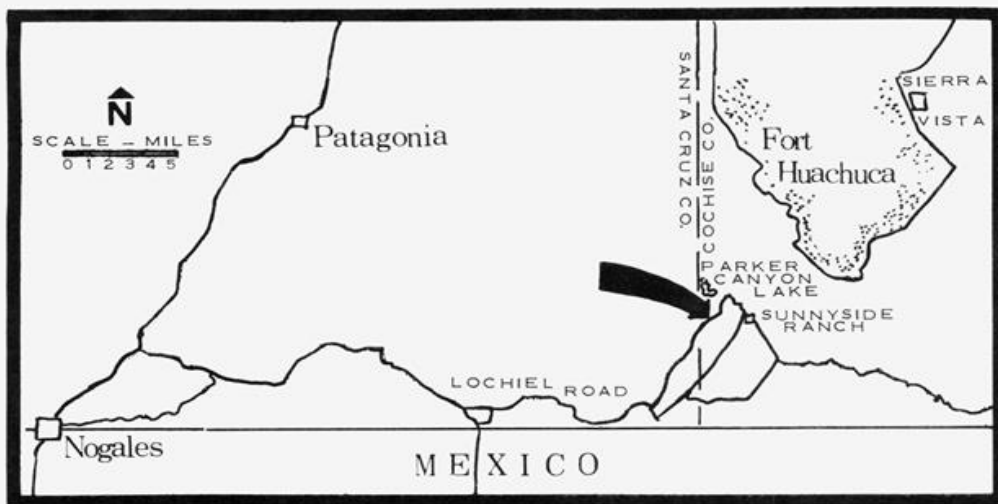
Both men chose to live in financially depressed Patagonia. To the townspeople, Bud 'n' Bo represented the Federal government. They were respected, in fact, well liked. They were not gung-ho types. They went out on patrol, did their time, and were not the kind who went looking for trouble. Nevertheless

when they came into town with a bust under their belts, people knew it—they were happy. And when they returned from a three day patrol without having recorded an arrest, they'd be worried. They took their jobs seriously, and with only a few doubts.

"He didn't like drugs and didn't believe in breaking the law," Bokinskie's mother said later. Marshall Smith recalls that Dixon had some rarely expressed reservations about arresting marijuana violators, but would end such musings by saying, "The law's the law, and you can't break it."

It's easy to see why Dixon or any other border agent might have second thoughts about their job. Of course, upper-level bureaucrats enjoy perpetuating a television image of the border agent's job. Horace Cavitt, assistant regional director of the U.S. Customs Service in Nogales, recently boasted, "since October, we've confiscated 82,000 pounds of marijuana, and four pounds of heroin and cocaine." But in the Seventies, being a hired anti-marijuana gun is an unenviable occupation. Fighting a weed that has achieved near-legal status in many communities makes little sense, even to many of the border guards. Few of them want to die to stop pot.

Nor did Big Mike Williams expect to die for the few thousand dollars of



profit in a truckload of weed. Big Mike had spent too much time in jail. He just wanted to live and be left alone.

Still, Big Mike Williams, Bo Bokinskie, and Bud Dixon had their jobs to do as they saw it, and the grisly stage was set. Later, a thorough police investigation reconstructed the bloody play from tire tracks, empty shell casings, footprints, bullet holes and the fatal wounds.

Apparently, as Big Mike neared the agents and spotted their car, he hung a bootlegger U-turn and started highballing toward the Mexican border. The agents spotted him and began pursuit. They fired three loads of 00 buckshot. Officials maintain these first three shots were warning shots. In any case, a fourth round hit the back of Williams' truck.

Of the nine pellets in the "00" shell, three hit the tailgate of Big Mike's truck, one missed entirely, one pierced the glass on the passenger side of the cab, and four hit Williams squarely in his back. The L-shaped design of the pellets in the rear of Big Mike's cab matched the bloody L on his back.

Big Mike swerved off the road and onto the flatlands. There, he drove in a series of circles on the dry land, stirring up clouds of dust in an apparent attempt to blind Dixon and Bokinskie. He didn't. When he stopped, the two agents were directly behind him. Officer Dixon, who was in the passenger seat of the Customs pickup, jumped out and ran to the rear of Big Mike's truck, covering him with the sawed-off shotgun.

Big Mike jammed his truck into reverse, striking Dixon and knocking him unconscious (an autopsy later revealed that almost all of Dixon's left ear had been torn off by the impact). At this point Big Mike was alongside the Customs truck, where Officer Bokinskie was sitting. Big Mike pulled a small .32 automatic and emptied it in Bokinskie's direction. Four of Big Mike's eight bullets struck the metal of the door and failed to penetrate: three were stopped by the glass in Bokinskie's truck; one round pierced the door and lodged in Bo's heart, killing him instantly. Bo's gun was found still strapped in its holster—he never cleared leather.

Big Mike then jumped out of his truck and ran back to Officer Dixon. He recovered Dixon's service revolver, a .38, and emptied it into the prostrate agent. Then he took Dixon's shotgun and shot him once more.

Finally, he swung the sawed-off shotgun around to Bokinskie and served him a final blast.

Big Mike stumbled to his truck and drove back onto the road. It was then that Williams apparently lost consciousness and his truck drove straight across the dirt highway, through a wire fence, and into a ravine fifty yards away. Upon impact, Williams was thrown from the truck. He bled to death on the ground.

Dixon, Bokinskie and Williams lay dead for six hours before recovered by officials.

Roadblocks were immediately set up to find a suspected fourth individual. The F.B.I., Customs Bureau, Drug Enforcement Administration, Arizona Department of Public Safety, and a host of assorted officials converged on the blood-soaked scene, determined to reconstruct the chain of events. Their early consensus was expressed by Cochise County Sheriff Jim Wilson when he stated, "Two well-trained and heavily armed Border Patrol agents could not be overpowered by one individual."

While three hundred uniformed representatives from every law enforcement agency in the Southwest and Mexico (each with a black ribbon concealing his badge) gathered at Dixon and Bokinskie's funeral in Patagonia, a wild manhunt was underway to catch the fourth man.

The nature of the giant manhunt is described by William Risner, one of Tucson's more noted radical attorneys: "It (law enforcement) is a club, a fraternity, and any time one of the brothers gets shot, it is a qualitatively different case. There's no limit on the number of investigative hours they'll devote to it. . . . They've gone everywhere on this case. . . . You'll see other cases that are major national or international marijuana or cocaine smuggling cases, or whatever the hell it is, and there'll be sloppy police work—they're just too busy and can't spend time on it, and yet

on a case like this there are thousands of hours." Risner adds: "Some of the government theories are really wild. They found some pills down there, right, so they go off on some wild thing hunting some killer from Michigan or some bullshit. It's the kind of thing you see in this case. Anybody's name that's found around they zip off on it and send twenty agents after him."

They never did find their fourth man. It wasn't until F.B.I. lab reports conclusively proved that no weapons were used other than the ones found at the scene of the shootout that law enforcement officials reluctantly accepted that two of their brethren had been physically vanquished by a common smuggler armed with an underpowered .32 automatic. In a hideously convoluted and grim sense, Michael Williams had been complimented.

The only criminal case the federal government has been able to salvage from the unfortunate deaths is a "conspiracy to import marijuana" charge against Big Mike's wife and a female companion, who were arrested fifty miles from the scene of the carnage in an automobile registered to Big Mike.

Although there's no evidence to link the women to the slaying of the two Border Patrol agents or Williams, police were able to scrape two grams of marijuana "debris" from the ladies' car. Hence, they were initially held on a possession charge. Now, after searching their homes and a safe deposit box rented by one of the women, the U.S. Attorney's office has come up with what they believe is evidence for their conspiracy charge. However, local attorneys familiar with the case suspect the government is grasping at straws in an attempt to produce more than a dead smuggler from the murder of two Customs agents. The women are expected to come to trial in October, 1974.

Regardless of success or failure in court, the indictments will not ease the fear generated by the deaths of April 24. Arizona border patrol agents, after a respite from patrol-associated deaths since the 1920s, now approach vehicles with pistols ready, never quite knowing what to expect. Smugglers report that there's an eye-for-an-eye mentality now. They sincerely fear that agents are out to even the death count. One theme is constantly repeated in conversations with lawmen and smugglers alike. Both sides are dismayed that marijuana was the contraband; they claim that violence is expected from the heroin and pill trade but that grass smuggling seldom results in death. This may be true in most cases.

But when the warning lights of the Border Patrol appear in a rearview mirror or in that adrenal moment when the agents' chase is begun and he chambers a buckshot round, the danger of unnecessary bloodshed can only be heightened.

And as long as young men are forced to implement old and dangerous laws, there will be other men willing to take a chance at quick profit, even at the risk of death. ☐



“I Was JFK’s Dealer”

The man who claimed to know the Kennedys leaned over his *pâté* and confided to me.

“Before I contacted you, I investigated a bit to see if *High Times* was legitimate.”

Across his suite, he assayed the departing waitress from room service.

“Yes, we had you checked out, too,” I said. I told him how I’d been making discreet inquiries for a week to determine if he did indeed move in the Kennedy circles and had only then confirmed the interview. We agreed to meet at his suite at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. I was met by a dapper, politely tanned man in his mid-forties. He greeted me unhurriedly and began what was a fluent, one-sided conversation.

“You see, I feel that what I know about Jack, Bobby, and Ted is in no way harmful to their reputations. In fact, I’m willing to wager that, had Jack lived into a second term or Bobby been elected president, the marijuana laws would have been stricken.”

He paused, reached inside his corduroy sport jacket, produced a tortoise shell cigarette case and flipped it open.

“Like to turn on?” he asked, smiling.

“Sure,” I said.

I asked him to give me some background: how he had come into the Kennedy circle and how he related to their lifestyle. He stared down at his cuff and then looked up.

“Well, I can’t really be considered part of the inner circle. You know about people like Kenny O’Donnell, Paul Fay,

Dave Powers, Joey Gargan and the rest who were always by the Kennedys. That’s not my people. My background is like a lot of those fellows, but it’s taken me a long way from the power plays and inner workings of the family. I graduated from Harvard in 1954.”

“Did you turn on at Harvard?”

“No, not at Harvard. Somewhere along the line I decided that I wanted to be a writer, and after graduation I took a job with a major news magazine. By 1957, I had gotten myself assigned to Havana. That’s where I first turned on. Batista’s regime was at its rottenest, but the place was rife with dope, gambling and colorful characters. In fact, it was going to Cuba that brought me into contact with the Kennedys again.”

“What was Cuba like in those days?”

"If you remember, the late 50's saw Fidel Castro's star rise. We all felt sympathetic toward Castro—it was the romantic thing to feel in those days—but we never dreamed he'd get in. As it happened, I was among the first to be booted out."

"But I had made the right contacts in Cuba, especially in the black market and government—there was little difference—so when I returned to the States, I was considered something of an authority on Caribbean affairs. At this time I was thirty years old, smoking a lot of excellent grass, dealing a little to my less well-connected friends, and becoming a surprising success. And I made sure to maintain all my contacts, too."

"But how does this bring you to the Kennedys?"

"At Harvard I knew Ted Kennedy; we ran in the same circles, were both rather jockish as undergraduates and our fraternities mingled at parties and things. I remember I supported Jack's candidacy for the Senate in 1952 and worked the campus trying to drum up votes." He laughed ruefully. "I would run into Ted around the commons doing the same thing. Hell, I even remember the flap when Ted was caught cheating in a Spanish final."

"So I wasn't really surprised when, several months after I returned from Cuba and Jack was president, I was contacted by a friend of Ted's at the White House and asked to submit a report on my work down there and any recommendations I had. I knew the President had a love for fine Cuban cigars, so I took down a beautiful handmade humidor full of a custom blend of Cuban tobacco, hand-rolled in Jamaica. It turned out the meeting wasn't private but a debriefing of four journalists who had covered the Cuban revolution. After the meeting, I handed him the cigars and he thanked me. Then he took a good look at the cigars and when he did, he invited me to stay and smoke one with him."

He sucked on his Scotch and leaned back.

"You know, Jack's back was always giving him trouble. He had been seeing a doctor who was later written up in *New York* magazine as "Dr. Feelgood", getting shots that were a combination of speed, vitamins, cocaine and cortisone. His back was bothering him the day we met and I suggested he try something to ease his pain that wouldn't dull or agitate him like the drugs he was taking. I gave him a quick rundown on marijuana: its effects, its history, my experiences with it and the archaic laws surrounding its use. He was genuinely curious. It was something to which he had never given much thought, even during his investigative days in the Senate."

"Do you mean that he was completely ignorant about pot?"

"Oh, of course not. You couldn't possibly party with the show business types and international celebrities that the Kennedys favored and not know something about grass. And, of course,

he was always sharp as hell and wasn't easily buffaloed by anti-pot propaganda. The late fifties saw a lot of drastic changes in lifestyles . . . beatniks, avant-guardists, abstractionists and movie stars like Brando and Dean who cashed in on rebellion. Jack was a consummate politician; he was aware of all these changes in taste. He'd just never tried pot until I turned him on. At least as far as I know."

I had visions of handsome John Kennedy toking away behind his captain's desk, easing his backpain, while a dour Lyndon Johnson is kept cooling his heels with Mrs. Lincoln in the antechamber.

"Of course, I didn't turn on with him. I just arranged to have the weed delivered to him," he added.

"How much did you give him?"

"At the time I had old friends from my Caribbean days sending me a few

**"I was asked if I could
draw up the memos
we had discussed.
I knew
exactly what was meant.
The President
hadn't asked me
to draw up any memos."**

pounds a week. In fact, they still do! I'd joined the international bureau of a large weekly news magazine and in those days a package from Mexico City or Bogata wasn't cause for undue suspicion. . . .

"Early one evening I received a phone call at my apartment in Georgetown. It was one of Jack's most trusted press liaisons, who informed me the President was planning a short vacation. He was taking his boat out with family and friends, and I was asked if I could provide him with the memos I had drawn up in accordance with our conversation two weeks earlier. Could I have everything ready by ten o'clock that night? I knew exactly what was meant by the call, because the President hadn't asked me to draw up any memos. By ten I had prepared a manila folder full of blank paper. Inside was an ounce of fresh Panamanian from a shipment I'd received the day before. At ten on the

dot I answered the door to find a familiar press officer who took my 'notes'. You know, Red Fay wrote about Jack's habit of taking late night rides through Washington. I think he overlooked one very important ride, because I swear Jack was inside the black limousine parked at my curb."

"Did the President ever contact you again?"

The gentleman's face sagged slightly.

"No, not exactly. I received a letter shortly after that night, thanking me for my cooperation and expressing hope that we might meet again for an informal chat. The limousine came several more times, but I'm not really sure who was getting the stuff. His stay was so short you know, one thousand days they say, that many of us caught only the quickest glimpse of the real John Kennedy . . . the Kennedy who was so open to life that he was willing to expose himself to a virtual stranger and try something he knew the public might find horrifying."

"Would you know if Jackie turns on?"

"I can't really say for sure that Jack smoked the dope, though I assume he did, considering my later contacts with Bob and Ted. I've never met Jackie, but you know I've heard talk that Onassis made some of his fortune smuggling cocaine and heroin after the war." A *pâté* finished, he was now drawing heavily on his second Scotch. "Of course, you can hear anything down in the islands."

"You just mentioned your later contacts with Bobby and Ted. Could you tell us about them?"

"Do you remember Allen Ginsberg's account of his talk with Bobby in 1968, where he asks Bobby if he had ever smoked pot and Bobby refuses to answer him directly, but keeps evading the question?" he asked.

"The interview when Ginsberg chanted the Hare Krishna chant in Bobby's office?"

"Correct. Well, Allen thought Bobby was being insensitive by not giving a direct answer. He didn't understand Bobby's style, the intensity at which Bobby worked. By 1968, I think Bobby had decided the pot laws should be changed, but he wanted to approach the issue when it could be won and he was storing up all the impact of his decision for the right moment."

"I first met Bobby in Los Angeles at the 1964 Democratic Convention. Earlier in the year I had lost my job—drinking—and I had driven down to the Convention, knowing I could get freelance assignments. Like many others, I expected Bobby to be chosen as Vice-Presidential candidate. And I was absolutely awestruck by his reaction to the crowd. Understand, the public impression of Bobby had always been one of ruthlessness—the little fellow who tore after the Teamsters, miffed Lyndon Johnson, and shoved civil rights down the racist throats of America. But there he was, absolutely vulnerable and in tears at the accolade."

"Later, at a cocktail reception, I spoke with him for about two minutes. I

told him if I could be any help in the future, to let me know. What was unnerving was his spontaneous recognition of me. When I approached him, I expected that Kennedy coolness, especially to someone on the fringes. I didn't cruise the same circles as, say, Arthur Schlesinger, Joseph Kraft, Murray Kempton or the others who were coming on board for his New York Senate campaign. We were introduced, I think by Pete Edelman, and I'll be damned if he didn't know who I was. He said he'd be glad to have my help."

"Did you speak about grass?"

"No, but I suspect part of his interest in me was a result of my contact with his brother. He seemed overeager to meet me, if you know what I mean. It wasn't until 1966, when I moved to New York that I saw him again. That was at another party; all the society maven's were there: Truman Capote, George Plimpton, Pete Hammil, that type, and I didn't get to speak to him. However, Ted was there and we had a dandy conversation about the days at Harvard. Around that time Ted had just returned from a trip to Vietnam and we talked about that a bit and made some conversation about his bad back and his marriage, which always seemed a bit haunted. He invited me up to Squaw Island for a few days and I told him I'd try to make it some time. He promised we'd go sailing; I remembered Jack's vacation "sailing" trip, but all I did was joke that I hoped his sailing was better than his flying."

He continued. "Also at the party were Steve Smith and Peter Lawford, who were both married to Kennedy women. Now I'd met Lawford at parties before and he really believes in high living. Steven Smith, on the other hand, is a real tight ass, Mr. Park Avenue Associates. I noticed them looking very friendly, very stoned in fact, and I excused myself from Ted, who was wandering in the direction of Joan. I wanted to talk to Peter and Steve. I was surprised to find them talking about dope and both seemed to agree that Bob should make a motion to decriminalize marijuana. I was especially shocked at Steve, who was touted as the no-nonsense moneyman of the Kennedy clan. Then I realized that first impressions do count. They were both, ah, stoned. I felt surrounded by history's hidden heads; Ted and his sailing trip, Peter and Steve with their talk of decriminalization. All this at a party for Bobby, the Senator from New York."

We both paused to take quick bites at the last of our hors-d'oeuvres.

"I met that crowd several times after that night and got high with them, so I wasn't surprised when they wondered aloud if I was able to obtain some good weed. I still had my connections in South America, and I was dealing a little of my best to friends. Soon after that I began receiving calls from people I knew were close to Bob and Ted asking if I could perform small favors. This was about the time Bob was being challenged by Eugene McCarthy for the right to topple LBJ in 1968. McCarthy's

appeal was to the leftist upper-middle class, mobile American student pot-head. Bob probably felt the need to commit himself to try what his brother had tried. To Bobby, you had to feel deeply toward a topic to support it. When he decided to soften on marijuana, as everyone in the press was aware, it wasn't an intellectual exercise like Jack tried. I think it was because he had tried it and liked it, and believed it was not harmful." Sitting back in his chair, he sipped the last of his Scotch. We poured another round and I sensed that time was getting short. He had glanced at his watch several times.

"And you think it was grass that began the changes in Bobby Kennedy?"

"Could be. I find it more than a coincidence that shortly after I sold some exceptional grass to Bobby's acquaintances, Arthur Schlesinger was pushed into the pool at Hickory Hill (the Ken-

**'The reason
Ted didn't go
to the authorities
immediately
after the accident
was because it took him
several hours
to come down.'**

nedy home in Virginia), that Bobby decided to enter the primaries, and that later, he decided to hire prankster Dick Tuck as an aide."

"Did many of the people around Bobby get high?"

"Ask Frank Mankiewicz, Jimmy Breslin, or Andy Williams on that question. They would be better able to answer it than me."

"But you're certain that Bobby turned on?"

"Definitely. It's just that with so many kids of his own he wasn't going to force the legalization issue and exhaust it before he became President. It is ironic that he was killed by a Palestinian."

"Did any of your friends deal with the Kennedys?"

"Well, most of us who worked the South American or Middle Eastern regions for the government or press in the early '60s were continually turned onto

excellent grass and hash. Some of us have made some profit from our experience. I know many of these people were in a position to deal with Kennedy people."

"Have you ever dealt to Ted Kennedy?"

"Funny enough, not as closely as one would assume from our early acquaintance. I've followed his rise, though. He's quite a go-getter—loves to party—and generally I admire his politics, but we've never gotten together and been high. However, I did hear an interesting story from a reliable dealer friend of mine who works at the Agriculture Department." He cleared his throat.

"Ted has always been pretty free with his good times. His best ability has always been to pull together when he had let go too much. But I suppose the Chappaquidick incident at the Dike Bridge was the first time his ability, and his integrity, were ever really tested."

"From what I was told, and despite what Paul Markham and Joey Gargan say, Ted was thoroughly wasted on something the night of the incident. It was a bad habit he'd had since Bob's assassination, when his back began hurting him and the pressure of being the last male Kennedy became too heavy to handle. This friend of mine swears Ted was dosed with some of his sunshine in Edgartown before the party at Lawrence Cabin. It was his first trip, and they figured the cabin was the best place for it."

"The party was perfectly innocent, just old friends getting high and trying to loosen up after a hard year. But Mary Jo got unhinged and Ted offered her a ride back to town with him; he, too, was several sheets to the wind and was getting claustrophobia. After the accident, Ted tried repeatedly to save the girl, but there was no way. The reason he didn't go straight to the authorities was because it took several hours for him to come down."

My host suddenly stood up, and I asked one more question.

"As far as heads go, some of the Kennedy children seem the genuine article. What do you think?"

"All I can tell you is that they are beautiful, independent children who love to get high in as many ways as there are kids. But keep an eye on John Jr.; with his taste for rock, I wouldn't be surprised if he turns out to be a bigger head than Bobby's two oldest sons. I just hope that all of the kids live to fulfill the potential of their fathers, who were great heads in more ways than one."

It was obvious that our chat was at an end. We shook hands and I thanked him for the story—which amounted to a beguiling explanation of over a decade of American history. If true.

"Listen," I said. "you've given me a great story, if it checks out." Maybe we could get together some time again, and talk things over, in general, you know." He smiled.

Well, I'll say one thing for him. His dope was indeed Commander-in-Chief in quality. ☐

COMRADE
SOLZHENITSYN
LIKES OUR FINE
JAMAICAN?

LOSSARIAN



“Like Stalin, the hashish came from the Caucasus Mountains in Georgia—and it was just as powerful.”

HASH IN THE U.S.S.R.

It was the C.I.A. that sent me to Russia. Not that I'd planned it that way. But after studying Russian language and culture for three years at the University of Miami, my yearning to visit the great Slavic motherland was impractical for one idiotic reason: no money. So I took a job in the school library's Slavic Collection.

The only irony was that this magnanimously endowed library of rare Russian books and obscene journals, which would have been priceless to me during my studies, was something I never knew existed. The only people who seemed to know it was there were these very straight and hard-boiled guys, no flies on them, who'd come in on quiet days (while I'd be smoking grass among the stacks and reading *Crocodil*, the Russian humor magazine) and request the latest issue of, say *Soviet Navy Monthly*, or a Kremlin report on Chilean youth groups. A few weeks later I'd read in the newspapers about the sudden unrest among Chilean youth. My boss, a jovial Pole, confirmed that many of our visitors were indeed C.I.A., and he implied that the Slavic collection was C.I.A. property. Anyway, I worked there until I saved enough money to go to Russia.

Soon I was airborne with the other members of the commercial charter tour that would take us to Moscow for three weeks and Leningrad same. The entire prospect loomed before me seductive, enigmatic, enticing, but I hated the thought of going six weeks without getting high, and said as much to "Texas Jeannie," a buxom Southern belle who'd taken the tour a year before.

"Don't worry," she drawled. "Them Ruskies got some of the best danged shit east of the Pecos, or west of it, depending how y'all see it." Although I was slightly puzzled by her avowal of Russian high times, my fears were further allayed by an incident in Poland, where we stopped over to change planes and visit beloved Chopin's birthplace. "Y'all oughta see what's growing in the back yard," said Jeannie. At first I took this to be an invitation of a perversely lubricious nature, but I caught on when we went in back of the great composer's birthplace and found a patch of marijuana growing up stout and firm. From this moment forth my understanding of detente went through cartwheels or reconsideration.

On our second night in Moscow, I wandered the streets, and

returned from sightseeing to find a note from Jeannie on my hotel door. When I got to her room, I found her and five other tourists sitting around on the floor, their heads obscured by a cloud of familiar-smelling smoke. At Jeannie's welcome bidding, I fell to my knees and was handed a pipeful of dark green flakes of *kaif*, which smells like hashish but tasted like grass. It had come from the Caucasus Mountains in Georgia—just like Stalin—and it was just as powerful.

Jeannie had traded one of her many pair of blue jeans to a Russian head for the *kaif* we were smoking. She explained that the hunger of Russian youth for things American, like jeans, rock and jazz albums, psychedelic posters, and what have you, is so great that they'll barter samovars, balalaikas, perhaps military secrets, and of course *kaif* in the most promiscuous fashion to get their hands on the trappings of decadent Amerikan youth culture. The realization that my old Moby Grape albums were the equivalent of cigarettes and stockings in a Saigon black market brought home to me the ineffable karmic value of never throwing away anything, no matter how faddy or ephemeral it may seem to jaded American hippies.

During my last week in Moscow, I was with some of my new Russian friends looking for a place to party. This is a great problem in Russia because of the acute housing shortage, which forces the Russians to live in rather close quarters. I was reminded of the familiar high school scene back home, where large parts of our youth are spent scouting locations to make out in.

Russians find it odd that Americans all have their own apartments, cars, food, cigarettes, orgasms: in the Soviet Union, these things are collectivized. Old and young must share their living rooms, their likes and dislikes, their cutlery and crockery, their vodka and ideologies, which are "monolithic" only in their mutual antagonism.

In short, the chances of our finding an orgy site seemed slim, when my friend Volodya struck up a conversation with a little man sporting a black goatee and heavy horn-rim glasses thick as stove lids. He turned out to be a sort of Russian bohemian, and in minutes had invited us to his apartment in a tottering old housing project. He told us we could use his little two-room "flet", even his bed, while he socialized with us and shared our wine and *kaif*.

As it turned out, he fancied himself a painter and his apartment was crowded with awful day-glo canvasses of dogs pissing into space, lampposts shooting darts at children, and a picture of a man spreading his arsecheeks to reveal a peep at the infinite cosmos through his hole. Our host was one of those genuine Mad Russians you hear about. Twelve of us packed boisterously into the tiny place, puffing pipes of *kaif* and taking turns balling on the bed; the little man got wilder and wilder, drinking more than half of our wine. We played some of my rock albums—

Hendrix and Pink Floyd—on his record player. I asked him if he had any examples of Russian rock music, and he replied, "You want to see example of Russian rock, *da*?" "Da," I said. He went to a shelf and took down a paper-jacketed album. He placed the record on the turntable, we listened for no more than a few seconds, and then he heaved the record out the window. "That's Russian music," he said.

"I knew Nicholas before he was a superstar," he raved, reminiscing about his family. "My mother-in-law—boy, is she fat! I took her to the Mayday parade and a C.I.A. Man offered to buy my missile secrets. . . . No, really, she's very talented. She's being sent to America on the cultural exchange program. In exchange, we're getting Texas, Brooklyn, and Raquel Welch!" He began to roar out his life story, which became more and more horrible. Finally he dropped his trousers to show a long ugly scar left by Stalin's torturers. At one point, I was bedding a young Muscovite honey when the Mad Russian ran in, brandishing a small scimitar. My friends dragged him away, and soon we left him sleeping on the floor, his snores and nightmarish outcries mingling with the laughter, sobs, arguments, and songs that poured into the common courtyard from every apartment. Somehow, the whole episode seemed to epitomize Moscow.

Leningrad is closer to the West than Moscow in more ways than one. During the centuries of Tsarist rule, the city reflected the Romanovs' imitation of Western European culture. Even now that tradition persists. Walking down the Nevsky Prospect for the first time, I actually felt at ease among the younger, long-haired, more stylishly attired communists, some of whom were actually promenading in tie-dyed shirts.

The kids are hip and *kaif* is plentiful. With three young *Komsomoltsy* (members of the Lenin Youth Organization) I dropped in one evening to a local disco called the "Molotok" to hear the top local rock band. Their music, consisting of loud fancy guitar chords, lots of showy drum licks, and almost funky bass line, was surprisingly together, and reminiscent of the high school bands that played in garages back home. On an impulse, I asked the drummer if I could sit in for one number. "Konyeshno!" he cried, smiling. The leader then announced that an American rock and roller was going to play, and that brought down the house. I could barely hear myself through their applause and shouts. For the next several days I was followed around by several "groupskies" who believed I was a big rock star, and I did nothing to disillusion them.

Soon I met my first Russian dope dealer. His name was Misha, and he was as freaky as any Russian could hope to be. He was tall, swarthy, and bearded. He lived in his black market Levis and cowboy jacket. A signpainter by profession, he spent his time with foreign tourists and sold them dope, and had, in fact, served five years in a

concentration camp for this activity. In a bastardized argot of hip Russian and Leningrad street slang, he invited us to his apartment to smoke some *gashgish*.

Gashgish is the people's hash, imported from the Uzbekistan, a central Asian Soviet Republic near Afghanistan. He shared his apartment with a comely Lenin youth named Natasha. Our first time there, Misha emptied a *papirosa* (cigarette), and mixed the bitter Russian tobacco with some hash from a small leather pouch, then poured the mixture adroitly into the cigarette. I found it a bit harsh, but what the hell.

Later I gave Misha an American pipe and some screens and he was so impressed (and stoned) that he vowed never to smoke hash in cigarettes again, but Natasha swore, in her revisionist way, to go on smoking good Soviet papirosas. She did, however, take to "shotgunning" her reefers quite hungrily.

Misha's scene was pretty loose, so one day I asked him what the neighbors thought.

"They think I am crazy," he said. "And do you know, they are right? Every time they see me coming, the old one-leg and the ugly witch, they run into their rooms and slam the doors." I regaled him with a few Florida redneck tales.

The last time I saw Misha, we got higher than Yuri Gagarin. Dostoevsky, that dark Russian, who once said, "consciousness is a disease," would have been proud of us. Our minds met in cosmic détente, and Misha and I became increasingly mystic. A very Russian thing to be. I told him of my long-time dream of getting stoned with a genuine Russian. He told me about his dream of getting stoned with a real American.

"Est bog!" he cried excitedly, "there is a god!"

Glossary of Russian Dope Slang

gashgish	hashish
grib	mushroom
trúbka	pipe
papirósa	cigarette (with hash powder)
médnaia shirma	brass screen
kaif	grass, kif
kaifírovat	to get high
smolá	resin
zhens	blue jeans
piliúlia	pill
igólka	needle
blevat	to puke
plastínki	records
seksúailno gólodno	horny
vdykhát	to inhale
tséna	price
odin gramm	one gram

Net is nikogdá ne ushlýshal imia Solzhenitsyn.

No, I have never heard the name Solzhenitsyn.

**Mne usyo gavno.
It's all the same shit to me.**

CALL ME BRICK

Some folks might call her square but our Harvest gatefold knows better. A native of Colombia, our October oblong grew up close to the soil with her shapely stems planted firmly in the ground, and a rich golden tan bespeaks of months spent basking in the sensuous sunshine. Our hallucinogenic heliotrope doesn't plan to let New York's big city hustle spoil her freshness now: unlike many other arrivals from South-of-the-Border, our cubic cannabis doesn't get all broken up trying to please every new acquaintance. "Bot weeth all these Greengos promising to get me in the papers--caramba!--eet can go to your head," says our Latin American charmer.

Luckily, we were the first to unwrap this ample 20 pound beauty (15" x 15" x 7").

"I play hard to get, bot you know one taste of me and you Norteamericanos weel forget all the others," says our budding beauty. "I've been waiting a long time to feed your heads, muchachos!"



High Times
Box 386, Cooper St
New York 10003



The Brotherhood of Eternal Love

What follows is a summary of the Senate report entitled *Hashish Smuggling and Passport Fraud: "The Brotherhood of Eternal Love."* The report outlines a story never likely to be told in its entirety—of what was allegedly the biggest hash and acid dealing operation in the world.

It should be noted that most of the allegations in the government's account, as well as the very assumption of the existence of a "Brotherhood," are denied by most of the defendants and their attorneys.

Naturally, the government is eager to market their version of events to the public, and in this they have been helped by an irresponsible article published on page one of the *Village Voice* (August 22, 1974) entitled *The Acid Profiteers*.

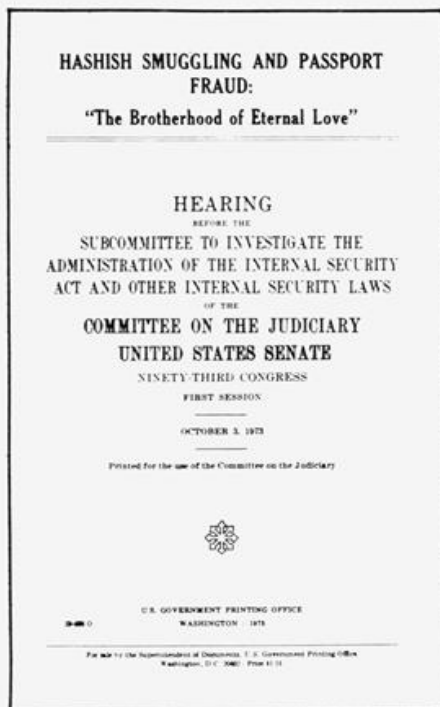
After poring over the government's case as presented in the Senate report and in the transcript of the Sand-Scully trial, we discovered uncanny resemblances which border on plagiarism. Further investigation leads us to believe that *The Acid Profiteers* was drawn primarily from these two documents and from interviews with Glenn Craig Lynd and William Mellon Hitchcock, both government witnesses, and from information supplied by the prosecutors' office. On the face of it, this is a trespass of the accused defendants' right to a fair trial, as well as a serious violation of journalistic ethics and a travesty of investigative journalism.

High Times is printing this Senate report (excerpted for reasons of space) to provide an interesting insight into government functioning and thinking. At the same time, the names, dates, and events do form one side of the Brotherhood story; a side which should be recognized as the government's, even if it appears as an "investigative" article.

INTRODUCTION

The testimony this morning will focus primarily, but not exclusively, on the activities of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, an organization founded by Dr. Timothy Leary which has combined a mystical fanaticism with criminal activities, and which has been massively involved in passport fraud and in the production, smuggling, and distribution of various drugs, LSD, and hashish in particular.

This is one of the most fascinating investigations of recent years. In many ways, the evolution of the drug traffick-



ing activities of the members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love is a tragic illustration of the cynicism into which the youthful drug revolution of the mid-1960's has fallen. It also underlines the development of new trends in the drug traffic of which the Nation needs to be aware.

For many years, the concept of organized crime in drugs has always meant the Mafia, or the Cosa Nostra, or the Union Corse—traditional and reasonably well-identified criminal groups with specific ethnic connotations. The Brotherhood of Eternal Love represents one of the new recently-emerged forms of organized crime totally different from our past notions in terms of membership, motivations, lifestyles, and drugs of preference.

In the end, we see that the misguided idealism on which the brotherhood was first conceived finally gave way to the usual criminal motivations of big money for little labor. And, although their drug activity centered at first around LSD, they later branched out to include hashish and finally cocaine. The hard narcotics were finally seized upon as offering the biggest profit for the least effort.

The Brotherhood of Eternal Love was founded on the basis of Timothy Leary's

exhortations to "Tune in, turn on, and drop out" with LSD. Leary's preaching consisted of a combination of mysticism, the use of drugs, and the disapproval of our society expressed in the phrases of rebellion which particularly appeal to youth. The novelty of his doctrine and the growing drug rebellion in general, drew considerable attention from the press, which merely extended the numbers of young people exposed to the message. Many thousands of teenagers reacted to it with an idealistic and religious fervor.

From Millbrook, Dr. Leary traveled to Berkeley, Calif., and from Berkeley to a small city in southern California called Laguna Beach. This village-type community was soon to become the psychedelic drug capital of the world.

In October, 1966, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love became a legal corporation in the State of California. The brotherhood was also granted a tax-exempt status on the basis that it claimed to be a religious organization. From its inception, in addition, intelligence indicates that the group was ceremoniously practicing group sexual freedom in connection with the use of drugs.

From 1966 to 1968, the brotherhood flourished by dealing in marihuana smuggled in 100-pound lots from Mexico and by trafficking in LSD obtained from illicit sources and from Sandoz Chemical Works in Basel, Switzerland. The LSD obtained from the Basel firm was legally obtained. The first person to synthesize it worked for Sandoz and Sandoz actually manufactured it commercially.

By the time that our investigation reached its peak in the spring of 1973, no less than 750 of its members had been positively identified as participants in criminal activities that spanned the globe. At its peak it had 3,000 members.

The Brotherhood according to the IRS, must have made something over \$200 million in its illicit operations.

At this point in time, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love was the largest supplier of hashish and LSD in the United States.

HASHISH SMUGGLING

In the latter part of 1967, Glenn Lynd and two other brotherhood members traveled to Afghanistan in search of a permanent source of supply for brotherhood hashish. They purchased 125 pounds of high-quality Afghanistan hashish from their suppliers in Afghanistan for \$15 a pound and smuggled it back into California where they sold it for \$900 a pound. This was to be the first 125 pounds of nearly 24 tons of hashish

al Love: The Senate Report

smuggled into the United States from Afghanistan, Lebanon, and India by the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

At some point late in 1967 or early 1968, members of the brotherhood developed their most important foreign contact for hashish. According to subsequent indictment, this was the Tokhi brothers who reside in Afghanistan on the outskirts of Kabul, its capital city. In December of 1971, the two Afghan sources came to the United States accompanied by a brotherhood member, Robert Dale Ackerly, now serving sentence. Their trip appeared to be nothing more than a sightseeing tour to Disneyland until it was learned that two shipments of hashish totaling over 2,000 pounds were on their way to southern California. The Afghans were overseeing these shipments.

Brotherhood smugglers developed elaborate and successful means of getting hashish into the United States. One of their earlier techniques was to hide quantities of 15 to 20 pounds of the drug within the interiors of fiberglass surfboards which they manufactured. This was soon considered too small a quantity, however, and they graduated to specially designed traps in Volkswagen campers or other vehicles which could hold up to 1,300 pounds in a single shipment.

Their mode of operation placed heavy reliance on the use of false passports; and with their financial resources and false documents, they achieved complete international mobility. During the period of their successes, we have estimated on the basis of hard intelligence that approximately 24 tons of hashish was smuggled into this country.

During that time we seized approximately 6,000 pounds out of 24 tons which is about a 12 percent seizure rate. Although most of this drug came from their dealings with Afghanistan, we also know that shipments were brought in from both Lebanon and India. There may have been other sources of which we have no knowledge.

LSD MANUFACTURE

In the summer of 1968, brotherhood members traveled to San Francisco in an attempt to secure a permanent source of supply for LSD—which they found. The LSD was to be called "orange sunshine" and the laboratory was to be set up in December, 1968.

In March, 1969, the first batch of "orange sunshine" LSD was made by brotherhood members in a laboratory located outside of San Francisco. Slightly

We asked one major figure in acid circles what he thought about the Brotherhood case, and he responded as follows:

Brotherhood? What Brotherhood? I always say, "Those who talk, don't know. Those who know, don't talk." So forget what Leary and the other government witnesses say. The Eternal Love people were close to Leary and they were very uncool, so their brotherhood got a lot of heat. When Nick Sand got busted the Brotherhood did nothing, so I say there is no Brotherhood. But in the '60's, the world was headed for disaster, and the mass distribution of psychedelics just may have stopped World War III. They should give these people amnesty.

As far as the big profits, it's ridiculous. I mean, how much did you spend on hash oil and LSD in the last few years? Honestly, think about it. There might be a few millionaires, but with the heat on them they're going to need the money. For most of us, the profits were minimal, especially after ripoffs. Money isn't the main motivation, and that's what the government is afraid of.

Of course, the Drug Enforcement Agency will keep the Brotherhood alive forever, the way J. Edgar Hoover tripled Communist Party membership with paid informers. It's the DEA's way of building their little empire—at the taxpayers' expense. That is the real "seamy side" of the dope scene, to cop a phrase from the Village Voice.

The truth is that anyone who claims to be a member of the Brotherhood is a liar because there is no single Brotherhood. But there are many brotherhoods. High Times invites responses from anyone else who has comments to make about the true story of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

under 1 million tablets were produced in this first endeavor. Numerous millions were to be made in the next four years.

Until the recent enforcement success, this product, which has now disappeared entirely, was found in quantity all over the world.

The first concentrated effort to eliminate this clandestine LSD operation resulted in the seizure of a mobile laboratory facility concealed inside a truck in Denver in 1967 and the arrest of Nicholas Sand. Reportedly, this was the most productive LSD laboratory in the western United States. Unfortunately, the arrest was found to have been legally inadequate; and therefore, the case against Sand had to be dropped. Under the exclusionary rule of evidence, the seized laboratory equipment could not be placed in evidence and, in fact, was returned to Sand.

Almost 6 years later, some of the same laboratory equipment, still bearing the evidential labels applied by Federal agents, was again seized when Sand's laboratory was discovered by St. Louis police in a warehouse which had been leased for the manufacture of LSD. Sand had moved to St. Louis because of the mounting police pressure being brought

to bear on the brotherhood in California at that time.

HASHISH OIL MANUFACTURE

Moreover, the brotherhood was not content merely to smuggle and market hashish. Under the guidance of one of its chief chemists, the brotherhood developed the manufacture of an even more potent product called marihuana or hashish oil, with THC content of up to 90 percent. 15,000 doses could be derived in this way from one quart.

Hashish oil was first encountered in February, 1972. Since then the number of exhibits received has increased and so has the potency as measured by the percentage of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) present. THC is a highly potent and concentrated hallucinogenic substance which can be manufactured with relatively simple equipment. As such, it must be regarded as a novel and threatening shift in marihuana abuse which should give those who advocate its legalization cause to re-think their position.

It is possible that hashish oil might seriously affect the brain permanently. To our knowledge, there are no experiments being made along this line to determine tolerance.

PASSPORT FRAUD

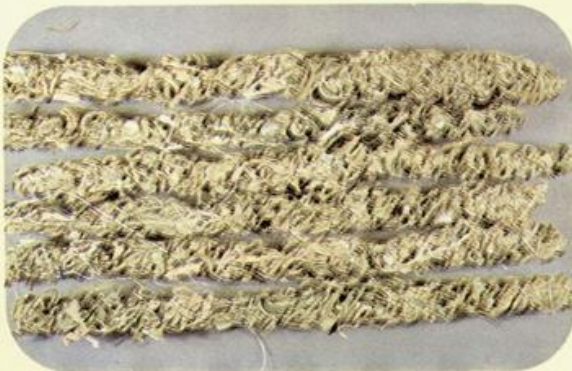
From 1966 to 1971, members of the brotherhood traveled throughout the world using false identities with passports obtained under assumed names. Their operations were virtually untouchable during this period of time. Because of their mobility, no one was really aware of the extent of their activities.

No arrests were made of major figures in the organization, and thousands of pounds of hashish and millions of dosage units of "orange sunshine" LSD were being distributed through outlets in southern California. Local authorities were aware of the brotherhood's existence, but could not penetrate the organization's outer wall.

Some of these individuals have as many as four passports, four complete sets of identification, which is an interesting story in itself. It includes driver's license, social security card, selective service card, University of California Irvine student ID card, and birth certificate. Now, who carries a birth certificate? Members of the brotherhood.

One brotherhood member was arrested on four consecutive occasions and (continued on p. 56)

Tasty Tr



Thai, sticks.
March, 1974



Moroccan hashish.
April, 1972



Jamaican, coli.
April, 1972



Colombian, small gold colitas buds.
The original chiba-chiba. April, 1972



Colombian, sinsemilla, red.
March, 1974

Buy American is a slogan we heartily endorse. However, these fine imports are savored by collectors as rare examples of horticultural expertise.

treasures



Lebanese Hashish, blonde.
July, 1974



Mexican, colas (tops).
April, 1972



Nepalese hashish, hand-rubbed
fingers and balls. March, 1974



Colombian, gold.
March, 1974



Colombian, wacky weed
(came in triangle cheese tin). July, 1974

Collected and photographed by Brother Artemus for his forthcoming book, *The Compleat Book of Cannabis*. Photographs copyright ©1974 by Brother Artemus.



Dr. Claudio Naranjo

Over the past two decades, the urgent need for brief, inexpensive, but still "experientially dense" means of psychoanalysis has led to the emergence of two independent streams of experiment and research. The first involves the use of chemical agents (barbituates, amphetamines, and more recently LSD and other psychedelics) as adjuncts to analysis; the second explores new variations of psychotherapeutic techniques: encounter groups, Perls' gestalt therapy, Lowen's bioenergetics, etc. Now a young Chilean doctor, Claudio Naranjo, has synthesized both approaches, and recorded his results in *The Healing Journey* (Pantheon).

Using four "mind-manifesting" drugs (rather than those the author considers disorienting psychomimetic ones like LSD and mescaline), Naranjo attempts to penetrate the patient's neurotic shield and give him an illuminating glimpse of reality. This in turn reveals the extent to which the patient's anxieties obstruct awareness. In essence, Naranjo induces a view of heaven rather than probing the tangled roots of hell.

MDA and MDMA are not usually hallucinogenic, but allow the patient to remain in a pleasantly intensified present state. They are the amphetamine derivatives that Naranjo dubs "feeling-

enhancers"; they often elicit the reliving of childhood events—although MDA vivifies the *facts* of the past, while MDMA induces fantasies or colored *feelings* about the past.

Harmaline and ibogaine are both alkaloids known for their hallucinogenic properties. They allow the patient to experience a stream of symbolic, dream-like images with his eyes closed.

Naranjo is concerned mainly with the patients' "peak experiences": when the patient suddenly perceives the world as meaningful and him/herself as an integral part of it. He defines neurosis as bondage to the past. To break into an unburdened present, he therefore feels, is of primary importance to the patient's understanding of how far he/she must go to be free of his/her repressions.

In a session with one MDA patient, who felt that his fate was totally controlled by external pressures, the drug exorcised a forgotten emotional trauma, re-awakening the man's suppressed memory of the firing of his beloved nanny and his ensuing hatred towards his mother. The patient's earlier autobiographical sketch had contained a glowing account of his mother, but, writing during the drug's peak, he consistently substituted N for M (Nanny for Mother) and finally recognized

the bitter source of the emotional schism that had tied him to the guilt-ridden facade of placating filial conformism.

In another MDA case, the patient perceived his own schizophrenic alienation through his drug-heightened inability to relate to Naranjo. Naranjo wrote, "His feeling state led to a brief period of feelinglessness, incoherence, and then indifference. The patient recognized that 'the value of this was to see a caricature of myself. What I am always, to some extent, I was to the extreme.'"

A few of Naranjo's cases seem less rewarding and regenerative in their outcome. For instance, a patient came to Naranjo plagued by a guilty suspicion that he was homosexual. As an MDA peak came on he felt a joyful indifference to his perverse fate. This convinced Naranjo that the patient's no-saying superego, or "judge", had been vanquished. But in the diaries that followed the drug experience, the patient's newly found indifference seemed less than serene and in fact leaned toward a narcissistic denigration of the world. Compare these two excerpts: "... it doesn't matter that the car doesn't work . . . that they won't give us the best appointments at the University, that they say I am a homosexual, that I don't have a lot of money or a kingdom, that my parents will die, that Aunt Rose is as crazy as ever. It only matters, perhaps, to be able to breathe deeply and feel here, now, enjoying the air, and that fly." Later he wrote: "once more I have felt rotten for living in this house where life is impossible, with such heat, with the old quack and his clients who keep ringing the doorbell, and the old woman nagging, nagging, nagging." Naranjo felt these diaries indicated a freer emotionality, but his conclusion seems somewhat off-base. The patient seems to have moved not to an unfettered acceptance of the world but to an even lower depth of despair.

Naranjo's sessions are conducted (by his account, anyway) with an extraordinary tenderness and finely tuned awareness. However, in some cases, such as the "homosexual" above, and especially in the harmaline and ibogaine sessions, he merely orchestrates response and images, without clearly defining or achieving a therapeutic goal. His absorption with peaks and the drugs' ultimate potential tends to overrule more practical considerations like analytic accuracy and systematic follow-through to insure successful rehabilitation. Still, as he says, the drug experience can open the door of the prison cell in which the patient has been living; it is then up to the patient to decide whether he wishes to walk out of the door. —*Hilary Mills* □

According to the Federal Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of 1970, cocaine is a "narcotic" and the penalty for the peddling or possession of it—fifteen years and \$25,000 in fines—is the same as that prescribed for heroin.

This law is now facing a severe Constitutional challenge in a U.S. District Court in New Jersey.

Roger Lowenstein, a thirty-one-year-old federal public defender, has filed suit on behalf of two defendants, arguing that the classification of cocaine with heroin is arbitrary and unwarranted by the facts.

Lowenstein is defending two men charged with selling small amounts of cocaine to federal undercover agents. The two are Andres Gouche, a Latin from Elizabeth, N.J., and Lawrence Brookins, a black from East Orange, N.J., both in their twenties. Lowenstein argues that they should instead face the maximum of five years and \$15,000 in fines prescribed for the sale of stimulants such as methedrine.

Lowenstein appeared before U.S. District Court Judge Frederick B. Lacey, a former federal District Attorney, on July 23 to ask for a full hearing at which he will call several expert witnesses.

In his thirty-seven-page legal brief, Lowenstein claims that "no reputable physician in the country would testify that cocaine is a narcotic drug." He has affidavits to that effect from such experts as Dr. Robert G. Newman, New York City's assistant commissioner for addiction programs, Dr. Norman Zinberg of the Harvard Medical School, Dr. Richard Kunnes, a consultant in the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, and Dr. James Thorpe, a U.S. Public Service Hospital psychiatrist. All these doctors have stated that cocaine is not a narcotic but a minor drug of abuse at most, and there is no connection between use of cocaine and criminal activity.

Lowenstein's brief states that "the erroneous classification of cocaine results from generations of ignorance concerning the drug, myths concerning the drug which only recently have been destroyed by accurate pharmacological data."

The existing law derives from the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914, the first legislation to prohibit cocaine in the United States. It was passed, Lowenstein claims, in an atmosphere of blatant racism. The drug, once hailed by Sigmund Freud as "magical" and used by Massenet and Pope Leo XIII, became associated with the lower classes in the 19th Century because of its low cost and ready availability. This association with the lower classes soon led to racist associations with blacks and anti-social conduct. So paranoid was the

official response to the drug, the brief points out, that it was testified in one court case that "most attacks upon white women of the South are the direct result of a coke-crazed negro brain."

Cocaine was legally defined as a narcotic in 1922 in an Amendment to the Narcotic Drug Export and Import Act.

Lowenstein concedes that the law, "despite its irrationality", will not be changed by the Legislature "while a drug phobia exists". He has thus asked the Court "to sweep aside years of myth and misinformation and strike down the irrational classification of cocaine."

"There must be some place in the Constitution," said Lowenstein, who teaches Constitutional Law at Seton Hall Law School, "where you can take a totally arbitrary and ridiculous law and challenge it."

The case will be heard in early fall, and Lowenstein and his clients are hopeful they will overturn "the myth of cocaine". —R.B.

Manhattan Supreme Court Justice Burton B. Roberts ruled unconstitutional a section of the 1973 New York penal code known as the Rockefeller Law that is aimed at narcotics offenders. This controversial legislation has come under attack from many corners recently, including an accusation by special narcotics prosecutor in New York, Frank Roberts, who called the code "an overdose." This latest rebuff to the new laws concerns Section 70.06 enacted last September, which requires harsher sentences for defendants previously convicted for felony offenses anywhere in the United States.

In his decision, Justice Roberts found that the state legislature "could not possibly have been aware, nor could it have intended" that a person convicted of such crimes as stealing a library book in North Carolina, blasphemy in New Jersey, or stealing a turkey in Arkansas must be given a mandatory minimum sentence following conviction of felony offenses in New York. He concluded that the laws violated the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment.

The Court of Military Appeals has ruled against drug tests made for disciplinary purposes. The judgment was based on the individual soldier's constitutional right against self-incrimination, which the Court ruled was violated by mandatory urinalysis. The suit was filed by an American Civil Liberties Union group.

Other practices of the Army's drug enforcement program still in effect include body searches for drugs and the use of dogs to sniff out users.

The Supreme Court ruled in a five-to-four decision that the police are permitted by law to seize a criminal suspect's clothing after he has been lawfully arrested, and use the clothing as evidence against him. The case involved two men arrested for attempting to break into the post office in Lebanon, Ohio. Ten hours after their arrest, police took their clothing and found in it chips of paint that matched the forced window at the Post Office. Associate Justice Byron R. White wrote for the majority, "It is difficult to perceive what is unreasonable about the police examining and holding as evidence those personal effects of the accused that they already have in their lawful custody as the result of lawful arrest."

The City Council of Madison Heights, Michigan, has approved a draconian measure tailored to discourage the use of marijuana by regulating the sale of rolling papers. Upset by liberalization of pot laws in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, Councilman Loren King introduced the bill which requires customers to produce a valid I.D. in order to purchase papers. Merchants are required to record the names of rolling paper customers. Failure to register as a buyer of rolling papers is punishable by a \$100 fine and 30 days in jail. Local head shops report an increase in pipe sales.

The Internal Revenue Service is employing an old tactic with a new vengeance in its crusade against suspected drug dealers—assessment and seizure. According to Treasury Department statistics, the IRS has seized about \$27 million and assessed an additional \$101 million against drug suspects. To date, fewer than 100 of these suspects have been convicted of criminal tax fraud.

The procedure is very simple and quick. A half-century-old law is cited which permits the IRS to seize the assets of persons it suspects may flee to evade taxes. If payment isn't immediately forthcoming, the assets are held. A court challenge by the taxpayer may take several months to a year. IRS agents work closely with local police, who tip them off to an arrest involving someone suspected of making big money illegally through drug sales. An IRS agent may even accompany the arrest party. The police often drop charges, but the IRS has been known to hold assets for extended periods of time. Critics of the IRS claim that assessments are deliberately excessive and that the procedure is being used to harass drug lawyers, political activists and others. ■



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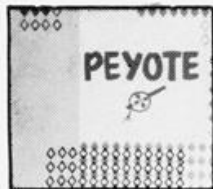
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PEYOTE SONGS: MUSIC OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA (INDIAN) (Canyon Records ARP 6054) and CROW DOG'S PARADISE: SONGS OF THE SIOUX (Elektra EKS 74091) It is not hard to believe that



perhaps the first songs heard in the primordial caves were the spontaneous murmurs inspired by visions in burning bushes or the intoxications of roots from the forest primeval. At any rate, the songs we sing today are a far cry from the earthy ecstasy that filled the throats of the ancients. Twentieth-century skulls are filled with quadrophonic glitter and mooning folksies from North Carolina and Long Island. And every so often, we may say, "Fuck this," and return to the chants of a simpler existence.

In the American Far West there still live Indians who have preserved the old songs and treasure them, using them in a most sacred ceremony: the peyote rite. To the members of the Native American Church, peyote is a sacrament, never to be abused for short-term pleasure. As Leonard Crow Dog explained, "Peyote is not a chemical gimmick, but a holy herb, our sacrament. Peyote has taken me a lot of good places, to many good people. I got married with peyote, my children are baptized with it."

The exact origin of the peyote rites, which are observed by several North American tribes, is obscure. Nor is the genesis of the many peyote chants ever expected to be learned, for they are indigenous to the lifestyles of these Indians. But they are beautiful to hear, for their resonance comes from the absolute sureness of union with another plane.



Accompanied by a seed rattle and a water drum, the initiate sits in the ritual seat tent while the other participants chant from sunset to sunrise. There in the lightless tipi, the Kiowa, Omaha, Paiute, or Sioux tribe peyote devotees sit among the artifacts and implements of the peyote cult. Their chanting is not monotonous, but varies in theme and rhythm, soaring high in delight or dropping to the abysmal depths of dejection. The principal participants take turns extolling the beauties and sorrows of the strange lands they are visiting with the buttons' aid. Often the harmonies grow ripe with the blending of several voices; always the drum beats heartlike and magically.

These two records contain a variety of peyote songs: from the Iowa water

songs and Bannock ceremonial melodies to the peyote stories of Leonard Crow Dog, a Sioux. While the latter artist is richer in instrumentation and textures, the simpler songs of the other album are not to be ignored, for they are perhaps closer to the root chants of the original Southwestern peyote sects.

For the student of religion or music, for the person who seeks the most elemental reflection of joy, godliness, and simplicity, the peyote songs of the American Indian are the most approximate experiences of total high on record (assuming the listener is willing to suspend his twentieth-century expectations). Let us hope that these sacred rituals are never lost to the blanket-and-bead chain stores and the taco mentality that suffuses the Southwest.—E.D.

133 AUTHENTIC SOUND EFFECTS (Elektra EKS-7313/7314)

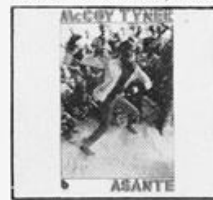


This collection of vintage aural abrasions can provide many hours of stimulating mental recreation for the stoned and the stoned at heart. Each sound effect is selected for its relevance to the modern scene ("Woman's Terrorized Scream"), its healthy attitude toward the magical world of childhood ("Children's Birthday Party"), its profound awe of the elements ("Rainy Night in City", running time: 45 seconds), and its ear to the ground ("Subway Car Sequence") for the important trends of our time ("Cuckoo Clock Strikes Twelve"), and each beguiles the listener with its siren-like plea to "identify me." The net result is compelling, mesmeric, loud.

What a panorama of the human, animal, mineral, and vegetable experience is here! Machine guns, mixed rifle fire, grenades, mortars, pistols, overall battle perspective, and anti-aircraft fire that roars to a crescendo of resonant nuclear detonation. The listener is regaled with a strident cacophony that no amount of Alice Cooper can match. For those of you who love the ocean blue, you'll be up to your ears in steamship blasts, ships churning the waves, outboard motors, bell buoys,

foghorns, surf, and Niagara Falls itself as your final port of call. If you enjoyed the Dr. Doolittle series, you certainly won't want to miss the dogs barking, horses whinnying and galloping, roosters crowing, mean cats yowling, crickets chirping, bullfrogs bleating, and cows mooing. Only the petulant quacking of a duck has been inexplicably omitted. All things considered, this is a record, or three records, that you'll want to play every time you can find someone to inflict it on.—R.S.

ASANTE McCoy Tyner (Blue Note/UAR BN-LA223-G)



McCoy Tyner's latest album, *Asante*, captures, explores, and integrates the rumbling earth and elusive spirit of rhythmic Africa with the fluid urban sounds and textures of the West.

As bassist Buster Williams, drummer Billy Hart and percussionist Mtume work up pulsating African rhythms, reedman Andrew White takes the listener on a flighty flute escapade. White switches to alto sax and is joined by Tyner and the crew as they transform the mood, creating the manic hustle of midtown Manhattan yet maintaining serene images of a Swahili village. The sexy, haunting voice of Songai links the magic of the Dark Continent with the cab cluttered, clamoring streets of any American metropolis, sewer caps belching full heads of steam.

This is the first time as leader that McCoy Tyner has utilized a guitarist. Ted Dunbar is his choice and a wise choice to be sure. It is interesting to note that on side one the guitar is used more for tonal coloring as opposed to its usual rhythmic chore. The contrast is blatantly evident as the music on side two returns to a funky mainstream context.

"Fulfillment," besides being the last cut, is the lp's apex. Tyner really lets himself go and fingers a thrilling piano solo. Dunbar's guitar solo is a rubric to White's moving alto spot. The group works up a musical orgasm. In Swahili, *Asante* means: "THANK YOU." McCoy Tyner, *Asante*.—Bill Effingham



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TITLE	1955	ARTIST
Cherry Pink Apple Blossom White	Perez Prado	
Rock Around the Clock	Bill Haley	
Autumn Leaves	Roger Williams	
Yellow Rose of Texas	Mich Miller	
Love Is A Many Splendored Thing	Four Aces	
Moments to Remember	Four Lads	
Crazy Ono	Pat Boone	
Heart of Stone	Johnny Maddox	
Let Me Go, Lover	Fontaine Sisters	
He	Johnnie Ray	
I Hear You Knockin'	Al Hibbler	
Unchained Melody	Gale Storm	
Till	Al Hibbler	
March from the River Kwai	Roger Williams	
Friendly Persuasion	Pat Boone	

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
Heartbreak Hotel	Elvis Presley	
I Want, I Need, I Love You	Elvis Presley	
Humpty Dog	Elvis Presley	
Don't Be Cruel	Elvis Presley	
Love Me Tender	Elvis Presley	
My Prayer	The Platters	
Only You	The Platters	
The Great Pretender	The Platters	
Green Door	Jim Lowe	
Singing The Blues	Guy Mitchell	
Poor F. Hope of Paris	Les Baxter	
Whatever Will Be, Will Be	Doris Day	
Candida	Hugh Winterhalter	
Alone Again	Paula Page	
I Almost Lost My Mind	Pat Boone	
Memories Are Made Of This	Dean Martin	

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
Bye, Bye Love	Everly Brothers	
Problems	Everly Brothers	
Love Letters In The Sand	Pat Boone	
April Love	Pat Boone	
Don't Forget Me	Pat Boone	
Living On	Elvis Presley	
Teddy Bear	Elvis Presley	
All Shook Up	Elvis Presley	
That's When Heartaches Begin	Elvis Presley	
Little Darlin'	Diamonds	
Searchin'	Coasters	
Young Love	Sonny James	
Singin' The Blues	Reps	
Gone	Farlin Husky	
So Rare	Jimmy Dorsey	
White Sport Coat	Marty Robbins	

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
It's All In The Game	Tommy Edwards	
Twilight Time	The Platters	
All I Have To Do Is Dream	Everly Brothers	
Bird Dog	Everly Brothers	
Patricia	Perez Prado	
Yours (Not Blu Di Pinto Di Blue)	Domenico Modugno	
Little Star	Elegants	
Don't	Elvis Presley	
Tom Dooley	Kingston Trio	
Get A Job	Silhouettes	
Purple People Eater	Sham Wooley	
Poor Little Fool	Ricky Nelson	
Yakety Yak	Little Richard	
Great Balls of Fire	Jerry Lee Lewis	
Al The Hop	Danny and the Jrs	
Peggy Sue	Buddy Holly	

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
Mack The Knife	Bobby Darin	
Drum Love	Bobby Darin	
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes	The Platters	
El Paso	Marty Robbins	
Stranger Lee	Lloyd Price	
Personality	Johnny Rivers	
Do Be	Richie Valens	
La Bamba	Richie Valens	
Charlie Brown	Coasters	
Heads Up By The Number	Robert Harrison	
Sleep Walk	Santo and Johnny	
The Happy Organ	Dave (Baby) Cortez	
Heartaches By The Number	Al Hibbler	
My Heart Is An Open Book	Carl Dobkins, Jr.	
Venus	Frankie Avalon	
Lonesome Town	Ricky Nelson	

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
Theme From a Summer Place	Percy Faith	
It's Now Or Never	Elvis Presley	
Shut On You	Elvis Presley	
I'm Sorry	Brenda Lee	
Callin' Home To Go	Jim Reeves	
Calvin's Coo	Everly Brothers	
Running Bear	Johnny Preston	
Last Date	Roy Cramer	
Save The Last Dance For Me	Drifters	
Greenfields	Brothers Four	
A Thousand Stars	Kathy Young	
You Send Me	Sam Cooke	
Wonderful World	Sam Cooke	
Hey Baby Yemo Weenie Bimbi	Brian Hyland	
Handy Man	Jimmy Jones	
Good Time	Jimmy Jones	

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
Tossin' and Turnin'	Bobby Lewis	
Big Bad John	Jimmy Dean	
Excuse	Ferrante and Teicher	
Runaway	Dal Shannon	
Runaround Sue	Dion	
Will You Love Me Tomorrow	Shirley	
Travelin' Man	Ricky Nelson	
Michael	Highwaymen	
The Lion Sleeps Tonight	Tokoma	
Bristol Stomp	Owens	
Blue Moon	Marcia	
Surrender	Elvis Presley	
Take Good Care Of My Baby	Bobby Vee	
Hit The Road, Jack	Ray Charles	
Run To Him	Bobby Vee	
Crying	Roy Orbison	

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
I Can't Stop Loving You	Ray Charles	
Big Girls Don't Cry	Four Seasons	
Roses Are Red	Bobby Vinton	
Stranger On The Shore	Acker Bilk	
Sherry	Four Seasons	
Johnny Angel	Sherry Fabares	
Return To Sender	Elvis Presley	
The Stripper	David Rose	
Breaking Up Is Hard To Do	Ned Flanders	
Rambler Rose	Not King Cole	
Good Luck Charm	Elvis Presley	
Let's Go A-Swimming With My Shrimp	Elvis Presley	
Bobby's Girl	Marcia Blane	
Danny, Mash	Bobby Pickett	
The Wanderer	Dion	

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
Sugar Shack	Jimmy Gilmer	
Hey, S. Fine	Paul and Paula	
Hey, Paula	Paul and Paula	
Blue Velvet	Bobby Vinton	
Good Lovin'	Kingman	
Kyu Sakamoto	Angela	
My Boyfriend's Back	Little Peggy March	
I Will Follow Him	Four Seasons	
Walk Like A Man	Lesley Gore	
It's My Party	Janet and Dean	
Surf City	Dale and Grace	
I'm Leaving It Up To You	New Tamps And Stevens	
Stay	Maurice Williams	
2 Top Wanta Be Happy	Jimmy Soul	
Our Day Will Come	Ruby & The Romantics	

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
Anyone Who Had A Heart	Donna Warwick	
Laugh Laugh	Beas Brummetts	
A Summer Song	Chad & Jeremy	
It's Not Unusual	Tom Jones	
Baby, I'm Yours	Barbara Lewis	
Guilt From Jealousy (Full Version)	Gary Glen	
Last Kiss	J. Frank Wilson	
Hello, Dolly!	Louise Armstrong	
I Got Around	Supremes	
Where Did Our Love Go	Bobby Vinton	
Mr. Lonely	Manfred Mann	
Do Wah Diddy Diddy	Dave Mann	
Everybody Loves Somebody	Cher	
Chapter Of Love	Cher	
Temboourie Man	Four Seasons	
Leader Of The Pack	Shangri-La	

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
Satisfaction	Rolling Stones	
You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'	Righteous Brothers	
Down Town	Petula Clark	
Turn! Turn! Turn!	Syds	
Stop In The Name Of Love	Supremes	
Liar, Liar	Castaways	
Do You Believe In Magic	Lovin' Spoonful	
What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted	Jimmy Ruffin	
This Diamond Ring	Gary Lewis & Playboys	
My Girl	Templations	
I Got You Babe	Sonny and Cher	
Get Off My Cloud	Rolling Stones	
Sounds of Silence	Simon and Garfunkel	
Help Me Rhonda	Beach Boys	
Temboourie Man	Byrds	
Eve of Destruction	Berry McGuire	

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
I'm A Believer	Monkees	
Winchester Cathedral	New Violettine Band	
16 Tons	2 and the Mysteries	
Soul and Inspiration	Righteous Brothers	
Monday, Monday	Paul Simon	
Good Vibrations	Beach Boys	
Out, Out, It'll Be There	Association	
Cherish	Young Rascals	
Good Lovin'	Supremes	
Supreme Supremacy	Troops	
Wild Thing	Stone, Sinatra	
Stupid, Stupid, Stupid	Johnny Rivers	
Poor Side Of Town	Percy Sledge	
When A Man Loves A Woman	Tommy James	
Hanky Panky		

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
Ode To Billie Joe	Bobbie Gentry	
Daydream Believer	Monkees	
Light My Fire	Doors	
The Letter	Box Tops	
Windy	Association	
Groovin'	Young Rascals	
Incense & Peppermints	Musty Explosion	
Never My Love	Association	
Can't Take My Eyes Off You	Frankie Valli	
Kind Of A Drag	Buckingham	
Pied Piper	Crispian St. Peters	
Woman, Woman	Gary Puckett Union Gap	
Ruby Tuesday	Rolling Stones	
I Was Made To Love Her	Stevie Wonder	
Sweet Soul Music	Arthur Conley	

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
Atlanta	Donovan	
I Heard It Through The Grapevine	Maryon Gaye	
Love Is Blue	Paul Mauriat	
Love Child	Diana Ross Supremes	
Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay	Bobby Goldboro	
Honey	Bobby Goldboro	
People Got To Be Free	Rascals	
Harper Valley P.T.A.	Jeanne C. Riley	
Hello, I Love You	Doors	
For Once In My Life	Stevie Wonder	
Those Were The Days	Mary Hopkins	
Green Apple	Dr. C. Smith	
Green Tambourine	Lemon Pipers	
Cry Like A Baby	Box Tops	
Myk Roberson	Simon and Garfunkel	

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
Sugar, Sugar	Archies	
Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In	Fifth Dimension	
Rocky Town	Rolling Stones	
Everyday People	Sly & Family Stones	
Comes and Goes	Tommy James Shondells	
By The Time I Get To Phoenix	Glen Campbell	
In The Year 2525	Zager and Evans	
Leaving On A Jet Plane	Peter, Paul & Mary	
Someday We'll Be Together	Diana Ross Supremes	
Crystal Ball Persuasion	Tommy James Shondells	
Coastin'	Coastin'	
Sommin' Wheel	Blood, Sweat & Tears	
Let's Get Back	Supremes & Temptations	
A Boy Named Sue	Johnny Cash	
Proud Mary	Creedence Clearwater	
Green River	Creedence Clearwater	

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
Raindrops Fall On My Head	B. J. Thomas	
Bridge Over Troubled Water	Simon and Garfunkel	
I Think I Love You	Partridge Family	
Pinball Wizard (Original Version)	The Who	
Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson	
Mr. Business Man	Ray Stevens	
One Less Bell To Answer	Fifth Dimension	
A.S.C.	Edwin Starr	
Mama Told Me (Not To Come)	Jackson Five	
Make A Wish You	Three Dog Night	
American Woman	Guess Who	
Crackin' Rose	Ned Diamond	
Everything Is Beautiful	Ray Stevens	

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
Brown Sugar	Rolling Stones	
Want Ads	Honey Cone	
Sweet Hitch-Hiker	CCR	
Sweet Mary	Waltworth, Manson	
Country Roads	John Denver	
How Mand A Broken Heart	Bea Gees	
I Am An A.S.C.	Ned Diamond	
Walk Away	Jane Fonda	
Maggie May (Full Version)	Rod Stewart	
Leaving Her Was Easier	Kris Kristofferson	
Old Fashioned Love Song	Three Dog Night	
It's Too Late	Carole King	
Story In Your Eyes	Moody Blues	

the story of the beatles

early beatles

ROCK & ROLL MUSIC
SHE LOVES YOU
THANK YOU GIRL
FROM ME TO YOU
MONEY
ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN
YOU CAN'T DO THAT
PLEASE MR. POSTMAN
I FEEL FINE
TWIST AND SHOUT
BOYS
PLEASE PLEASE ME
I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND
I SAW HER STANDING THERE
ALL MY LOVING
HARD DAYS NIGHT

revolutionary beatles

NOWHERE MAN
DAY TRIPPER
ELANOR RIGBY
YELLOW SUBMARINE
SGT. PEPPER
WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS
LOVELY RITA
LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS
WHEN I'M 64
FOOL ON THE HILL
STRAWBERRY FIELDS
PENNY LANE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
REVOLUTION
LADY MADONNA
COME TOGETHER

progressive beatles

NO REPLY
I'M A LOSER
BABY'S IN BLACK
MR. MOONLIGHT
SHE'S A WOMAN
LOVE ME DO
P.S. I LOVE YOU
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET
ACT NATURALLY
I'M HAPPY JUST TO DANCE WITH YOU
EIGHT DAYS A WEEK
I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL PARTY
THE NIGHT BEFORE
HELP
YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE YOUR LOVE
TICKET TO RIDE

contemporary beatles

MICHELLE
HEY JUDE
PAPERBACK WRITER
BALLAD OF JOHN & YOKO
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER
RAIN
DON'T LET ME DOWN
HELLO GOODBYE
LET IT BE
TWO OF US
I'VE GOT A FEELING
LONG AND WINDING ROAD
GET BACK
MAGGIE MAE
HERE COMES THE SUN
SOMETHING

evolutionary beatles

CAN'T BUY ME LOVE
FOR YOU BLUE
BABY YOUR A RICH MAN
I'VE JUST SEEN A FACE
NORWEGIAN WOOD
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE
I'LL FOLLOW THE SUN
MONEY DON'T
I'LL BE BACK
A TASTE OF HONEY
BABY ITS YOU
WE CAN WORK IT OUT
YESTERDAY
IF I FELL
AND I LOVE HER
IF I NEEDED SOMEONE

beatles on their own

LENNON
OH YOKO
OH MY LOVE
IMAGINE
GIMME SOME TRUTH
HARRISON
WHAT IS LIFE
IF NOT FOR YOU
MY SWEET LORD
ISN'T IT A PITY
MCCARTNEY
TOO MANY PEOPLE
THE LOVELY LINDA
MAYBE I'M AMAZED
EVERY NIGHT
STARR
IT AIN'T EASY
BYE BYE BLACKBIRD
STARDUST

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SECRETS OF THE MIND-ALTERING PLANTS OF MEXICO by Richard Heffern (New York: Pyramid Books, \$1.50)



There is a peculiar romantic mystique that has always clung inexplicably to Mexico. Geologically speaking, the country resembles the murderous Sudan of Africa—blistering arid deserts in the north, sweltering malarial jungles in the south—only without a Nile to recommend it to tourists. Yet visionaries and poets have always been enchanted with Mexico: B. Traven, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg and Thomas Pynchon are only a few who found themselves and their prophecies somehow embodied in magical Mexico. Always one suspected it was something more than merely the singular Mexican religious fervor, equal parts Roman Catholic, Voodoo, and neolithic Mayan sun-worship, that drew them insidiously thither, and this book offers a more persuasive explanation: there is a greater number and variety of mind-altering plants available in Mexico than anywhere else in the whole world.

In cataloging some fifty of these magic vegetables, author Heffern unloads some invaluable pharmaceutical data for those interested in growing their own. To be sure, only a few of these plants will grow under normal conditions anywhere in North America, and the book is prefaced with an oddly prudish "Important Notice," warning that the substances described are to be studied only in "the context of legitimate, legal medical care or legitimate research and investigation." Withal there is much that will send you into the woods with pruning shears and berry-basket.

Heffern is to be congratulated for his evenhanded treatment of these drugs, neither condemnatory nor over-enthusiastic. Common garden rue, for instance, is a splendid sedative, but hell on the alimentary system. Wild woodbine is an effective anaesthetic, but an OD causes yellow-tinted double vision. Eggplant flowers, orange leaves and oak flowering structures are all hypnotic in effect, but not very remarkably so. Wild cucumber seeds, though, will give you a genuine eight-hour alkaloid trip with all the flashy trimmings.

Then there's poison ivy, a mild sedative and snakebite specific: age it well first, mind you. And of course, blue and white morning glory seeds, crushed fine and rendered into mush, with the shell fragments drawn off, resemble psilocybin in effect—but watch for blackouts and attendant brain damage. One particular morning glory variety, called *Tumbavaqueros* ("tumbling cowboys") is a splendid eight-hour tranquilizer.

As for the exclusively Mexican drugs, Heffern does a fine job describing each of them, its ceremonial use, its effects and side-effects and its known mind-manifesting elements. The book is padded out, though, with some quite irrelevant and rather misleading passages outlining Mexican witchcraft and pre-Columbian history. A student interested in these things would do best to consult the source works in the generous bibliography provided.

—Dean Latimer

HASHISH: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RED SEA HASH SMUGGLER by Henry de Monfreid (New York: Stonehill Publishing Company, \$7.95)



In 1914, Henry de Monfreid, smuggler, rogue and romantic, journeyed (with his cargo of 1,200 pounds of quality Greek hashish) from Piraeus, Greece, to Port Suez in British-held Egypt. At the time he was thirty-eight. Now in his late nineties, the old cavalier recalls his profitable, yet perilous first steps into a trade which he little understood, but to which he subsequently devoted many years of his life.

Purported to be an accurate autobiography, *Red Sea Smuggler* is an exotic mélange of greed, rascality and rare beauty.

Following a smelly and unsuccessful foray into sea-snail fishing off the coast of Eritrea, the cunning Frenchman strikes upon hashish smuggling to recoup his waning fortunes. It is his final gamble—fail, and he spends his remaining years desk-bound. His autobiography drops us pell-mell into the bleakest of Allah's domains, where the dreaded "khamsin" wind swiftly rends hapless sea vessels; where dark-skinned Dakalis, Bedouins, Somalis, and Egyptians serve or assassinate their callous European overseers; a corner of the globe where life is held cheaper than an "oke" (kilo) of de Monfreid's elephant seal-stamped Greek hashish.

The superior smuggler at all times, de Monfreid transports his cargo by an unusual southern route through the phosphorescent tides of the Gulf of Suez in his faithful *boutre* "Fat el-Rahman". From beneath the blazing Arabian sun and into the narrow, greasy streets of Port Suez, he delivers his fortune in "hemp blossom" into the hands of unsavory characters he describes as "parvenus" and "peasants". Yet never once does he lose sight of the danger in his venture, and he finally accomplishes his aim: to sell the hashish for three pounds sterling per kilo—a two-hundred percent profit. To his disappointment, he later learned that his price could have been much higher.

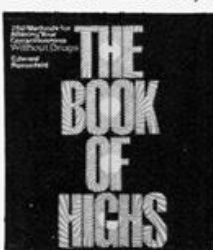
Nevertheless, he considers himself lucky.

There can be no slighting de Monfreid's rich descriptions of the desert or his obvious feeling for the cities. However, the hashish adept may be disappointed at the Frenchman's almost total ignorance of hashish itself (at the time, he had never smoked it!) and his condescension to smaller hashish tradesmen, whom he dismisses for "spending prodigious quantities of complicated ideas in order to attain a very modest result" and for being "lazy, cowardly, sensual". Trying to separate himself from these "lower" beings proved very trying to the gentleman smuggler, and he complains that "To be successful in it (hashish smuggling) I was obliged to rub shoulders with people who only thought of gain."

And so, *Hashish* proves to be a delicious addition to the tall tale genre, full of colorful inhabitants of strange lands and the romantic inclinations of the author. Because of this we can overlook the confusing references to persons and events in untranslated sequels and the translator's annoying insistence on retaining terms that mean nothing to someone who has never floated up the Suez in a "piroque".

Certainly not a primer for the student hash merchant, *Hashish* is, however, a penetrating glimpse into the psychology of the romantic smuggler. A breed that continues its adventures down to the present.—Ed Dwyer

THE BOOK OF HIGHS: 250 METHODS OF ALTERING YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT DRUGS by Edward Rosenfeld (New York: Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Company, \$4.95) and THE GREAT ESCAPE: A SOURCE BOOK OF DELIGHTS & PLEASURES FOR THE MIND & BODY (New York: Bantam Books, \$7.00)



Edward Rosenfeld's *The Book of Highs* is a haphazard compendium of such boring undertakings as "Zen morning laugh", Gurdjieff, self-hypnosis, "everyday experience", "sensory deprivation" (always good for a laugh, during low points at the Nazi Doctors' Convention), and like yocks. If I had written it I wouldn't have left out finger-painting, crayon-breaking, hookey-playing, and going to the zoo, but in order to do that you have to be able to spell "cat", a legal high Mr. Rosenfeld has not yet mastered. He is the kind of incurable bundle of joy whose consciousness was altered for the first time when his mother dropped him on his head. But perhaps I am being too harsh.



The Great Escape has not only twice or thrice the number of amusements as *The Book of Higs*, but actually tells you how to do them (Rosenfeld is a great plugger of other people's "indispensable" books).

In the compendious section on "Air", for example, we find eminently practical instructions for everything but breathing and polluting it: how to throw and catch frisbies, how to identify World War II aircraft, how to glide, how to jump off buildings, how to hitchhike on airplanes, how to build your own airplanes, if not actually hijack one, and how to fly a kite. That's but a tithe of the airborne projects, and *that's* but a tithe of the book's range, which is exhaustively encyclopedic where *The Book of Higs* is unnecessarily eclectic.

The Great Escape: how to cheat at cards, how to slither, how to sandtrack, how to build a sailboat, how to call ducks, how to walk, how to swim, how to ski, where to find drag boats, nude beaches, the world's tallest ferris wheel, the nine best bus rides, the ten best train rides, how to become a musician, and how to be a better, shiny, squeaky-clean new person for it.

Those of you who find the foreign and unfamiliar amusing *a priori* will also be amused by the recipe for Roast Stuffed Camel, in *The Great Escape*: "This is served occasionally at Bedouin weddings. It is the largest single dish in the world. To prepare it, you need: 200 hard-boiled eggs, 100 Mediterranean trout, 50 cooked chickens, 1 roasted sheep, 1 camel. Stuff the eggs into the fish. Stuff the fish into the chickens. Stuff the chickens into the sheep carcass. Stuff the sheep into the camel. Roast over a spit until done. (Serves 100-300.)"

Basically, the great escape is just a fancy monicker we used for "having fun." It has, please understand, no reference to Steve McQueen busting out of Stalag 17. It also has no reference, and it should in the next edition, to some of my favorite great escapes from mundane reality: rape, heraldry, gullibility, cynicism, practical jests, pocket billiards, snob appeal, or transformational grammar. And, of course, busting out of Stalag 17. After all, you only live once.

STRONG AT THE BROKEN PLACES: WOMEN WHO HAVE SURVIVED DRUGS by Barbara Kerr (Chicago: Follett Publishing Company, \$8.50) This



book is aptly titled. All six women interviewed are white, middle-class and of Christian backgrounds, and (except for one) college-educated. They have freed themselves from drug addiction through self-discipline and an ability to channel their once fractured energies into fulfilling work.

Barbara Kerr, a committed (though

not radical) feminist, perceives two other factors as instrumental in their transformations: "the aging out", process by which heavy dope-takers find that drugs no longer satisfy their emotional needs, and the Women's Movement, which has provided workable alternatives for women rejecting the traditional supportive role.

Each woman states that as a child she felt "different" from her peers, and that she did *not* want to grow up to be like her mother. Each also tended to idealize her father, later to become disenchanted. A similar pattern emerges in every case, only for the women to discover in drugs or alcohol effective antidotes to confusion and despair, and finally "commits herself to a deviant sub-culture" (not to be confused with the counterculture).

When the interviews took place, all the women had been drug-free for over two years and were pursuing varied careers—filmmaker, animal trainer, social worker, writer, painter and teacher. To read this book is to witness a triumph of courage over chaos. The women have done more than survive; they have prevailed.—Carolyn Gaiser

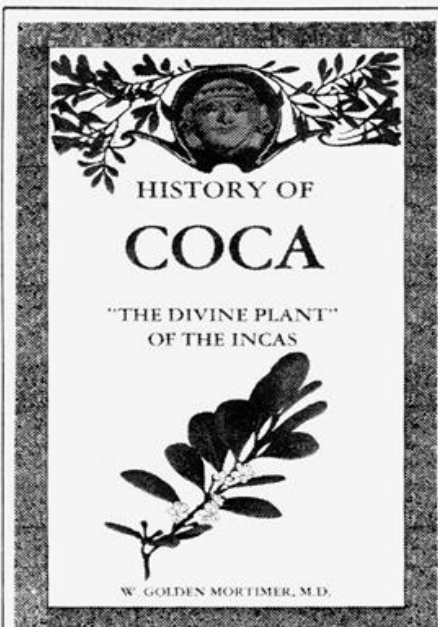
WEED: ADVENTURES OF A DOPE SMUGGLER by Jerry Kamstra (New York: Harper & Row, \$8.95) Jerry Kamstra is a man who has smoked grass, smuggled it, and dealt it. Now he has written about it.



Weed is about a 1968 dope run financed unwittingly by *Life* magazine. It is also about Mexican marijuana smuggling in general: the people involved, the way they work the environment they work in, the reasons they succeed or fail.

Kamstra is one of those people who beg to be written about. Since a dope smuggler rarely has a Boswell, he has obligingly written about himself, at length. Popped at the Mexican border in 1966, he was still on probation in 1968 when he was offered an interesting proposition: he and his partner would be paid \$5000 to take a *Life* photographer to the mountains of Mexico to shoot, for the first time, the actual marijuana fields. After devoting a little thought to the problem of avoiding his probation officer, Kamstra accepted the proposition and he and his partner set out for Mexico to make arrangements. That was no small assignment. The peasants who make their living from the weed are understandably reluctant to allow camera-toting gringos to poke around their fields.

After a series of escapades, they returned to San Francisco several months later with 1700 pounds of weed, their photos, and enough material for a book. Well, almost enough: one of the problems with *Weed* is the author's stoned reveries about this old bust or that deal, or that old connection. The reader must be careful to avoid confusing the story at hand with one of the hundred reminiscences used to flesh it out.



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However, the accurate descriptions of Mexico and its people give *Weed* notable depth. Kamstra is sensitive to the lifestyles of the Mexican peasants who grow marijuana; his reflections on the Mexican psyche—their cult of machismo, for example—obviously come from personal experience, as do his observations on the Mexican's middle-class aspirations. The characterizations may be a trifle broad, but nearly everyone is treated with sympathy and understanding. Perhaps next time Kamstra will extend his sensitivity to the "chicks" and "queers" who occasionally appear in *Weed*.

Despite a vocabulary so self-consciously hip that it borders on camp, Kamstra has turned out a reasonably interesting adventure tale that presumably has ended his smuggling career.

The one unsettling aspect about this book is realizing that the best stories about the dope trade will never be written—the potential authors have too much to lose. — *Frank Rose*

ROLL AWAY THE STONE by Israel Regardie (St. Paul, Minnesota: Llewellyn Publications, \$3.95) Israel Regardie

is a prolific writer on numberless occult, esoteric, and mystic topics. Co-author of *The Legend of Aleister Crowley*, Regardie befriended Crowley after the world press and academia had dismissed him as a libidinous iconoclast, a perverse imp, and a half-baked sorcerer. Through Crowley, Regardie became an adept in those ritual secrets which so few are competent to practice, and his later books on alchemy rank with Carl Jung's.

Roll Away The Stone is Regardie's collection of occultist hashish literature. It contains his introduction to Crowley's writings on hashish, as well as *A Pharmaceutical Study of Hashish* by British chemist E. Whineray, H.G. Ludlow's *The Hasheesh Eater*, an impressionistic account of haschischin cuisine in the 1850s, and Baudelaire's *The Poem of Hashish*, a lengthy prose work first translated by the indefatigable Crowley, who first published all these essays in his occasional magazine, *The Equinox*.

Regardie traces Crowley's infatuation with mystic hallucinogens back to his initiation into the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, a late Victorian cult of High Masons and yogis that included W.B. Yeats, A.E. Waite, Algernon Blackwood, and Arthur Machen. One of its more elevated adepts was the chronic invalid and pauper Allan Bennett, who accepted Crowley's hospitality in exchange for his tutoring in the mysteries of the lodge. In the '90s, the Order split and Yeats, Waite, and Crowley each formed their own sects.

Most of the pieces collected in this *petite anthologie* exalt and extoll hashish beyond Crowley's original intention, for he felt that hashish is an equivocal tool at best. Most important to him, at first, were the mystical rigmaroles and

yogas meant to prepare for, intensify, and subsequently reinforce hashish experiences.

These flights would increase in frequency, velocity, and altitude until they overwhelmed even Crowley, whereupon he would resume his devotions with renewed fervor. All his life Crowley balanced on the fence between hashish saintliness and toxic madness.

The bulk of Regardie's essay is given over to Crowley's religious schemata, which Crowley prosecuted with vehemence, bombast, and rhetoric. For those who regard Crowley as an occult Cyrano de Bergerac, Regardie's essay may seem slightly pedantic; to those who consider him a great teacher of mankind, it is essential.

THE INDOOR OUTDOOR HIGHEST QUALITY MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE by Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal (San Francisco: Level Press, \$2.95)



This is the season generally associated with harvesting crops, legal as well as illegal; and if your crop turned out to be as dismal a failure as mine, you are ready for some good advice for the next attempt. Advice for growing healthy marijuana is common, advice cultivated from scientific research isn't. That is why *The Indoor Outdoor Highest Quality Marijuana Grower's Guide* is probably what you have been looking for.

Ed Rosenthal has compiled an authoritative and easy to use manual on growing cannabis. Most of the book deals with indoor growing, making this autumn as worthwhile a time as any to bone up on raising your own stash of homegrown. Rosenthal and Frank combine uncomplicated terminology with explicit illustrations to turn even the most colorless thumb green.

Everything from selecting the most promising seeds to increasing the percentage of female plants in your crop is discussed. Easily overlooked items such as soil pH, the light spectrum, fertilizer varieties, and carbon dioxide control are examined for their importance in increasing potency. The authors reveal some bizarre though unproved methods of increasing yield and THC content, including placing thumbtacks in the bases of the plants' stems or flashing lights on the hemp during the dark period of the growing cycle, with theorized reasons for each. You will also learn to plant rows of garlic in your outdoor garden, thereby fortifying it against the raids of *Oryctolagus cuniculus* (big-ear bunny-tail).

Not only does the book describe the most functional methods of utilizing growing space in even the smallest apartment for a continuous supply of pot, but it makes available products from the Clearlight Growing System, a company which markets prepackaged items for growing high-yield crops in a limited indoor space.

The thoroughness which Rosenthal and Frank approach this subject make it likely that the successful marijuana

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farmer can benefit almost as much as the neophyte who wishes to turn his heretofore lame efforts into resinous smoke.—S.G.

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION by Nicholas Meyer (New York: E. P. Dutton, \$6.95) and 221A BAKER STREET: THE ADAMANTINE SHERLOCK HOLMES by Hapi (The Kanthaka Press, 246 Tappan Street, Brookline, Mass. 02146, \$2.95) Sherlock Holmes always



was, even to Watson, an unmitigated enigma, "alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition." In fact, the drug was a transcendental access for Holmes to higher and ever more exalted problems and solutions to which he turned when the challenges of mundane criminology palled. For example, *The Sign of Four* begins in cocaine, races through a crime and solution worthy of Holmes' intellect, but ends with Watson puzzled at Holmes' motivations. "You have done all the work in this business," he tells his friends, "I get a wife out of it, Jones gets the credit, pray what remains for you?"

"For me, said Sherlock Holmes, 'there still remains the cocaine bottle.' And he stretched his long white hand up for it.

That long white hand was, in Nicholas Meyer's phrase, "a battlefield of puncture marks." In *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, a newly written Holmes adventure, Meyer interprets the Holmes-Moriarty struggle as a classic study in cocaine persecution fantasy. Thus he despatches Holmes and Watson to Vienna to undergo Sigmund Freud's new cocaine therapy, and entangles them in a hair-raising adventure it would be tactless to expose here. Altogether, it is a muscularly well-written pastiche, if not a cerebrally provocative one.

Meyer's Watson is shrewd where Conan Doyle's is foolish, his Mycroft nebbish where Doyle's is as ambiguous as an iceberg, and his writing prosaic where Doyle's would be purple or acute. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* is crowded, not with clues, but with anachronisms, neologisms, and textual catastrophes that would, if this were Scripture, "entail twenty-nine distinct damnations." Only in reproducing Sir Arthur's characters and Watson's Victorian platitudes about cocaine does Meyer follow the well-known road.



221A Baker Street is a hilarious scrutiny of every step of Holmes' career, which is at last perceived as a labyrinthine mosaic which author Hapi irreverently calls *The Victorian Book of the Dead*. Instead

of attacking Holmes' cocaine appetite from the point of view of Harry Anslinger or Grover Cleveland, Hapi slyly wonders how the impoverished and disreputable amateur investigator ever managed to afford such a luxury stimu-

lant, as well as a Stradivarius and regular surfeits of costly wine, braces of pheasants, *pate de foie gras*, and oysters on the half shell.

To account for this high living, Hapi suggests that Holmes and Watson, inveterate racists, mounted a veritable campaign to enrich themselves and England with the plundered treasure of the British Empire. Holmes suppressed the guilt he felt for his ruthless abetting of colonialist expropriations until *The Dying Detective* (a Doyle original), wherein he explained his compulsive consumption of oysters as a stratagem to prevent the shellfish from overrunning the ocean bed (Hapi insists that Holmes subconsciously substituted the pearl-bearing oysters for the robbed colonials). In addition, Hapi details Holmes' enlightenment by the Grand Lama of Tibet (see Doyle's *The Empty House*), and his seduction by his elusive sweetheart, Irene Adler (see Doyle's *A Scandal in Bohemia*), who poses as a Tantric acolyte in a Tibetan temple.

At the core of both these modern Holmes books pulses the perplexing concentration of Holmes' thought which has astounded Watson and the world for a century. How did he do it? Holmes' habitual "seven-per-cent solution" of cocaine suggests one answer. Hapi, whose knowledge of comparative religion is manifest, turns to the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*:

"O nobly born, let not thy mind be distracted; meditate earnestly upon thy tutelary deity."

How many times did Watson enter the rooms at Baker Street to find his guru sitting "upon the floor like some strange Buddha, with crossed legs, the huge books open all around him, and one upon his knees," the chamber suffused with the malodorous fumes of shag tobacco or the discordant cacophony of improvisations upon the Stradivarius, while Holmes in spirit glided through the swirling yellow mists to become one in thought with criminal, crime, victim, motive, clue, and capture? How often did his "elementary" deductions strike Watson with the force of a Zen koan? To Holmes the commonplace was the book in which he read what the uninitiated could never suspect; he knew that, like an irregular stone in a symmetrical Japanese sand garden, "the very point which appears to complicate a case is . . . the one most likely to elucidate it." In short, the apostle of scientific detection was a mystic.

Julian Symons, an able critic of crime fiction, considers the sub-genres of Holmes scholarship and pastiche "the most tedious pieces of their kind ever written." In the hands of a kindred soul like Hapi, the adventures of Sherlock Holmes become again what Doyle meant them to be: parables and metaphysical mirrors of life, case histories of the laws of Providence and karma, and paeans of praise for the enlightened Sherlock who walks without wobbling down the Noble Path, cooked to the gills on Peruvian flake. ■



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"Laughing Gas" cover illustration by R. Crumb



Laughing Gas

Edited By
Michael Shedlin & David Wallechinsky
With Saunie Salyer

AND/OR PRESS Copyright 1973 Cartoons by Larry Todd

"I took gas alone for 25 minutes. It was wonderful. Unspeakable and undescribable truths became apparent. At one point I became aware that I had to grab something. There was a noise that had to be stopped. I was sideways. It was the gas that was making the noise and valve which had to be turned off. I had emerged from the unconscious to the conscious. I realized that gas, in fact, is the merging of those two states. I had always thought in terms of conscious being the opposite of unconscious, but now I learned that they are parts of a continuum. The denial of a major dualism. I became nauseous."

What's most remarkable about nitrous oxide is that although it has been cheaply and easily available to the public for two hundred and two years, the bulk of its users identify it mainly with the dentist's chamber of horrors.

Laughing Gas is the fruit of three years' research by twelve amiable freaks who call themselves the East Bay Chemical Philosophy Symposium. From 1968 to 1970 they inhaled some 500,000 quarts of nitrous air with no ill results and one excellent one, Laughing Gas, edited by Michael Shedlin and David Wallechinsky with Saunie Salyer. It features a cover by R. Crumb, a Dr. Atomic comic strip (giving precise plans for N_2O synthesis) and Larry Todd, brilliantly rendered chapter logos by someone called Sig, and essays on N_2O by Sir Humphrey Davy, William James, and a small battalion of intuitive anesthesiologists.

What follows is a digest of some of the most essential reading in Laughing Gas: the historical, philosophical, and medical fuel of the intrepid balloonist who dauntlessly proclaims his ineffable discovery: "Nothing exists but thought!" God bless his ass.

The History of Nitrous Oxide

Laughing gas was discovered in 1772 by Joseph Priestly, a dissenting minister in Bristol, England. During a series of experiments in which he also discovered oxygen, Priestly, while trying to determine if dry carbon dioxide would dissolve iron, prepared a mixed gas which he called "Dephlogisticated Nitrous Air." He ran several experiments with the gas, which was later renamed nitrous oxide, but he never inhaled it.

Several years later, in 1791, Priestly's revolutionary views

led a mob to burn down his house. His parishioners turned against him, and he settled elsewhere and attempted to build a new laboratory. But when the French Revolution overthrew the aristocracy, the new French Republic honored Priestley as a free citizen and offered him asylum. This did his situation in England no good and he fled to America where he lived on a farm in Pennsylvania until his death in 1804.

In 1799, Thomas Beddoes opened the Pneumatic Institution in Bristol to study the therapeutic uses of gases. He was a chemist, poet, socialist pamphleteer, campus protest leader, and physician. His strong stands against economic imperialism and foreign wars were considered subversive by the conservative administration at Oxford, and Beddoes, although extremely popular with the students, had been forced to give up his lectureship in chemistry. It was Beddoes who hired Humphry Davy as his assistant and gave him equipment and encouragement to pursue his experiments with nitrous oxide.

As a teenager, Humphry had apprenticed to an apothecary and he began his study of chemistry by reading whatever books were available. His master's library included one of Beddoes' publications on chemistry, to which was appended an extraordinary essay on nitrous oxide by Samuel Latham Mitchell, a professor at the College of New York. Mitchell's study was entitled, *Remarks on the Gaseous Oxyd of Azote or of Nitrogene, and on the effects it produces, when generated in the stomach, inhaled into the lungs, and applied to the skin. Being an attempt to ascertain the true nature of Contagion, and to explain thereupon the phenomenon of Fever.* Although Mitchell ran no experiments, he concluded that nitrous oxide was formed by the decomposition of digesting meat and fish, that it caused widespread fever, and that it was in fact the cause of plague.

A few ingenious experiments by young Davy quickly disproved Mitchell's theory. Davy communicated his findings to Beddoes, who eagerly encouraged the young man to join him in Bristol.

Beddoes hired several other assistants, including Peter Mark Roget, who later distinguished himself by developing the theory of persistence of vision and by compiling his famed Thesaurus. But it was Davy who was chosen to be superintendent of the Institution. Fortunately his duties

were not excessive and he was able to spend most of his time in the laboratory experimenting with nitrous oxide. From December 1799 to July 1800, Davy manufactured and tested various gases and wrote a six-hundred-page book describing what he learned. This was *Researches Chemical and Philosophical, chiefly concerning Nitrous Oxide and its Respiration*, to which Beddoes himself contributed an account of laughing gas breathing: "there seemed to be quick and strong alterations in the degree of illumination of all surrounding objects; and I felt as if composed of finely vibrating strings . . . immediately afterwards I have often caught myself walking in hurried step and busy in soliloquy."

Davy's soliloquy on N_2O is no less eloquent than his benefactor's, and the bias of each is on behalf of self; experimentation. Thus Davy wrote:

"To ascertain with certainty, whether the most extensive action of nitrous oxide is compatible with life, [or] was capable of producing debility, I resolved to breathe the gas for such a time and in such quantities, as to produce excitement equal in duration to that occasioned by high intoxication from opium or alcohol. To habituate myself to the excitement, and to carry it on gradually, on December 26th I was enclosed in an air-tight breathing box, of the capacity of about 9 cubic feet, in the presence of Dr. Kinglake. . . . My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime."

"At night I found myself unusually cheerful and active. . . . In bed I enjoyed profound repose. When I awoke in the morning, it was with consciousness of pleasurable existence, and this consciousness more or less continued through the day."

"I have often felt very great pleasure when breathing it alone, in darkness and silence, occupied only by ideal existence."

"On May 5th, at night, after walking for an hour amidst the scenery of the Avon, at this period rendered exquisitely beautiful by bright moonshine, my mind being a state of agreeable feeling, I respired six quarts of newly prepared nitrous oxide. The thrilling was very rapidly produced. The objects around me were perfectly distinct, and the light of the candle not as usual dazzling. The pleasurable sensation was at first local, and perceived in the lips and about the cheeks. It gradually, however, diffused itself over the whole body, and in the middle of the experiment, was for a moment so intense and pure as to absorb existence. At this moment, and not before, I lost consciousness; it was, however, quickly restored, and I endeavoured to make a bystander acquainted with the pleasure I experienced by laughing and stamping."

Davy does not record the success he had with this passerby, but it should be noted that Beddoes' circle of friends, and thus Davy's too, was quite a distinguished one, including poets Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey, inventor James Watt, Joseph Priestley's son, and numerous other poets and artists and scientists. So, when Davy's experiments reached the point of human inhalation, he had a highly creative and perceptive group of volunteers. Their colorful reactions are collected in Sir Humphry's *Researches*.

Soon patients were flocking to the Pneumatic Institution to be treated with the gas of paradise. The conservatives of Bristol were appalled by the carnival that developed within the Institution; the radical Beddoes was suspect. Rumors of strange sexual laboratory procedures and chlorinated Africans pervaded the bustling English seaport. Public feeling ran high against Beddoes and his temple of hedonistic quackery. Still, in 1801, on the basis of his published word on nitrous oxide, Davy was appointed a lecturer in chemistry at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in London, a branch of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor. He gave one or two lectures on the gas and then turned to other subjects forever, in time gaining a knighthood. Without him, the Pneumatic Institution deteriorated quickly and closed; Beddoes died a broken man. And laughing gas was repressed and its use confined to exuberant medical students.

In the 1840s laughing gas reappeared as a form of public entertainment in America. "Itinerant chemists," some of them sideshow performers, others sincere teachers, toured



Early method of administering Nitrous oxide

the country giving lectures on laughing gas and electricity and demonstrating the effects of both on volunteers from the audience. At one of these exhibitions, given by Gardner Quincy Colton in Hartford, Connecticut, there was in the audience a young dentist named Horace Wells. One of the volunteers who stepped onto the stage to inhale the gas, a carpenter named Cooley, smashed his shin against a settee while dancing about in joy. Wells was immediately struck by the fact that Cooley seemed to exhibit no signs of pain and that it was not until the effects of the gas wore off that he became aware of his injury.

Wells approached Colton and arranged to have a wisdom tooth extracted while Colton administered gas. The operation was a success and Wells, upon regaining consciousness, exclaimed, "A new era in tooth-pulling!" He was urged by friends to patent his discovery, but refused, declaring, "No! Let it be as free as the air we breathe!"

Wells demonstrated nitrous oxide anesthesia at Harvard Medical College, but the patient cried out and Wells' discovery was dismissed in Boston, despite the patient's subsequent admission that he had not actually experienced any pain. Wells returned to Hartford and continued his use of the gas for tooth extractions.

Most of his few remaining years were spent defending nitrous oxide as a painkiller.

In 1848, Wells became involved in a bizarre crime of passion. On January 21, dazed with chloroform, he was arrested by the New York police and charged with sprinkling corrosive acid on the shawls of Broadway streetwalkers. Consumed with guilt, he committed suicide in his cell by severing the femoral artery in his left thigh. True to his character, Wells arranged to go to his final reward under the mantle of chloroform.

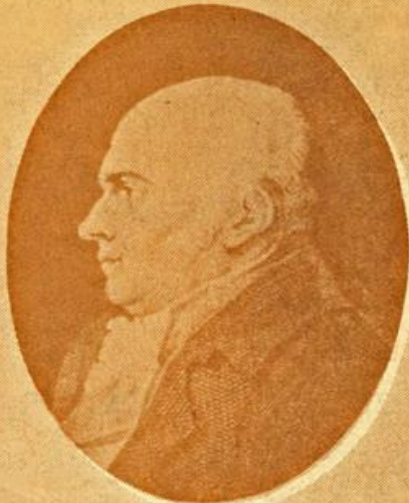
Colton worked at a variety of jobs before resuming his laughing gas exhibitions in 1863. In his lectures he always told the story of Wells and his painless extractions, and one day a woman with a bad toothache asked if she might be given laughing gas while having her tooth pulled. The operation was a success. By 1868 Colton and a partner had performed 75,000 extractions using nitrous oxide. Finally the gas caught on as a painkiller and its use spread until today. It is a commonly used general anesthetic in surgery.

As its use as a painkiller spread, its use as an exhilarant was driven underground, fear of pleasure being one of the major cultural traits of the past century.

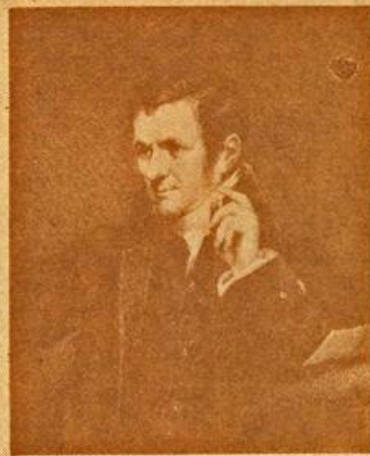
However, laughing gas has always continued to be used by certain groups, notably medical students, hospital orderlies, and philosophical experimenters.



Peter Mark Roget



Thomas Beddoes



Humphrey Davy

Suggestions for Safe Inspiration of Nitrous Oxide

Induction of and recovery from nitrous oxide are quite rapid; the gas takes effect almost immediately, and fades out of the system in less than a half hour. The actual high lasts one or two minutes.

Nitrous oxide is a harmless and innocuous substance. The principal, if not the only, danger related to its use is oxygen deprivation (anoxia, hypoxia, asphyxia). Severe decerebration and even death can result from oxygen lack, and although the death rate throughout twenty decades of medical N_2O is infinitesimal, a great myth has grown up around the dangers of nitrous oxide. Before dealing with oxygen deprivation, it might be useful to run down exactly how nitrous oxide affects the system. (An unfortunate gap exists here: no one knows how the anesthetic or the exhilarating effects of N_2O are produced in the brain, other than that it has to do with the metabolism of the brain cells. This is not obscure or classified information, it is simply not known.)

Effects of Nitrous Oxide

Brain: N_2O affects all modalities of sensation. Various mentation abilities are affected, such as short-term memory and concentration. Slightly distorted acuity of hearing, sight, and touch occur. Overall electroencephalographic changes are slight.

Intracranial pressure: no change without anoxia.

Temperature regulating center: not affected according to some authorities; slightly depressed during profound anesthesia according to others.

Vasomotor center: not affected without anoxia.

Respiratory center: not significantly affected without anoxia; slight increase in volume of respiration during administration of unsupplemented N_2O .

Cough center: not affected; cough is moderately suppressed.

Vomiting center: incidence variously reported. Nausea unusual without anoxia.

Reflexes—vagus center: not affected.

Reflexes—carotid body: not affected.

Reflexes—carotid sinus: not affected.

Eyes: no effect on size of pupil. Pupils dilated with anoxia, but eyeballs remain active. Intra-ocular tension not affected.

Tear secretion: mildly depressed.

Salivary glands: insignificantly affected.

Cilia: activity not decreased with anoxia.

Heart: rate unaffected. Cardiac output unaffected. Coronary arteries, cardiac muscle, and automatic tissue unchanged.

No appreciable electrocardiographic changes have been demonstrated as a result of nitrous oxide.

Blood pressure: not affected without anoxia.

Venous pressure: no elevation of central venous pressure has been demonstrated. Marked elevation if anoxia occurs.

Lungs: N_2O does not irritate pulmonary epithelium. Respiratory movements are not depressed or exaggerated. Bronchial musculature is not affected.

Metabolism: not significantly changed.

Diaphragm: movements not affected.

Adrenal: not affected.

Stomach: gastric movements unchanged.

Intestines: contractions increase slightly in amplitude and frequency.

Liver: functions are not affected unless anoxia occurs.

Kidney: no significant effects, no significant alterations in volume or composition of urine.

Spleen: not affected.

Uterus: rhythmicity, tone, and frequency of contractions not inhibited.

Genitalia: no effects.

Skeletal muscles: increased muscle tone, apparently due to altered consciousness, can occur.

Skin: slight dilation of skin vessels, attributed by one authority to "psychic disturbances and altered consciousness."

There is some evidence that a tolerance to N_2O develops after repeated or prolonged administration. After several long sessions, the user may find that as much as 35% more gas will be needed to reach the desired level of consciousness. It must be stressed, however, that no withdrawal symptoms occur and tolerance in no way signifies dependence.

Don't trust your family doctor about gas any more than you would trust him about LSD. He will respond on cue to one of the most elitist and firmly entrenched of all medical myths: that nitrous oxide will cause immediate incapacity or death if not administered in precisely the correct way. We have auto-administered nitrous oxide in all of the wrong ways for years, and our survival has led us to reject the severity of the medical warnings. It should also be noted that the dangers which worry doctors occur because they try to keep patients unconscious for long periods, a situation which won't come up in personal experimentation.

To avoid the hazards involved in nitrous oxide inhalation, follow several simple safety precautions. The main danger is that the user will render himself "unconscious" and will continue to inhale pure nitrous oxide without oxygen. Therefore, NEVER ATTACH THE SOURCE OF THE GAS TO THE NOSE OR MOUTH UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. Three fatal conditions arise from the failure to observe this precaution: first, undue pressure is put on the lungs by the rushing gas; second, the throat and lips may freeze; third, only one person can hit on the gas at a time.

An extremely satisfying alternative to a direct hose or nozzle approach is the balloon method. Large "party" or "weather" balloons (preferably 9" or 11" heavy duty balloons) are filled from the tank; the balloons become conveniently portable containers, can be passed like joints, and allow for simultaneous inhalation by all members of a large group. In addition, the balloon method wastes little gas.

The optimum physical environment for the inhalation of nitrous oxide is a *soft place*—cushions, mattresses, thick carpets, perhaps a fern meadow or a freshly plowed field.



People occasionally fall or pitch about or slump heavily. If one finds it desirable to stand up or walk while inhaling, it is recommended that extreme caution be employed; and, if possible, a partner secured.

Avoid large meals directly before a gas session since nausea is occasionally reported.

Keep the tank in a vertical position. The liquid nitrous is further from the valve and the freezing area on the tank is reduced.

Breathe deeply between hits of gas. This increases the amount of oxygen in the system.

Cigarettes are often dropped or miswielded during the influence, causing precious balloons to pop.

Filling up a small enclosed area like a closet or a car with pure nitrous can be lethal.

Nitrous oxide is safe if used sensibly. Take care of your brain.

Nitrous Oxide and the Surreal Condition

by Dora Kaplan

To understand the nitrous oxide experience is to rediscover Surrealism as formulated by Andre Breton in *Manifestoes of Surrealism*. "There is every reason to believe that it (Surrealism) acts on the mind very much as drugs do; like drugs, it creates a certain state of need and can push man to frightful revolts."

Immediately upon ingestion of the drug one experiences a numbing of the body, a gradual loss of all sensation. Synesthesia frequently occurs and hearing, an awareness of an electronic-like throbbing, is the last sense to disappear. Like nitrous oxide, Surrealism "bewilders sensation, it aids in the systematic derangement of the senses."

As more gas is inspired a loss of ego and subsequent sense of unity (the cosmos is one and interrelated) as experienced in a mystical state of consciousness is achieved. There is one sentence in particular in the *Manifestoes* that not only states a fundamental belief of the Surrealists but accurately describes this aspect of the nitrous oxide experi-

ence: "There is a certain point of the mind from which life and death, the real and the imaginary, the past and the future, the communicable and incommunicable, the high and low, cease being perceived as contradictions." This state of mind is so foreign to our limited, rational, everyday consciousness that it is difficult to recall, as a particularly revelatory dream is immediately forgotten. "In a waking state, man is the plaything of his memory. Memory alone arrogates to itself the right to excerpt from dreams, to ignore the transitions." There is no point of reference, no control exercised by reason or any aesthetic or moral code; no consciously arrived-at-codification. "Reason's role being limited to taking note of, and appreciating, the luminous phenomenon." This unity-flow one also experiences as an omniscient innocence-wisdom (Taoistic objectivity—disinterested love and admiration for the Being of the other) that is available to all, that encompasses both animate and inanimate matter, that waits for release in the collective-mythic unconscious.

The transformation of reality as we know it is complete. The interpretation of the transformation will be incomplete until we live in the reality of the transformation, or as Breton would suggest, the Surreal: The resolution of all altered states of consciousness, including dreams, and reality.

The peak of the nitrous oxide intoxication, experienced after passing out and before regaining consciousness, is dominated by involuntarily generated images. The surrealists would meet regularly each evening and submit themselves to a state of collective hallucination. Liberated from all petty preoccupations, they went into a waking trance (auto-hypnosis): a state in which the unconscious would dictate to them. It is the experience of these images or hallucinations—perceptions of objects with no external cause that provides the basis of a comparison between Surrealism and nitrous oxide.

Breton wrote:

"The Surrealistic atmosphere created by psychic automatism (expressed through automatic writing,



verbally or any other manner), which I have wanted to put within the reach of everyone, is especially conducive to the production of the most beautiful images. One can even go so far as to say that in this dizzying race the images appear like the only guideposts of the mind. By slow degrees the mind becomes convinced of the supreme reality of these images. At first limiting itself to submitting to them, it soon realizes that they flatter its reason, and increase its knowledge accordingly. The mind becomes aware of the limitless expanses wherein its desires are made manifest, where the pros and cons are constantly consumed, where its obscurity does not betray it. It goes forward, borne by these images which enrapture it, which scarcely leave it any time to blow upon the fire in its fingers. This is the most beautiful night of all, the lightning-filled night: day, compared to it, is night.

For me, their greatest virtue (the Surrealistic images), I must confess is the one that is arbitrary to the highest degree, the one that takes the longest time to translate into practical language, either because it contains an immense amount of seeming contradiction or because, presenting itself as something sensational, it seems to end weakly (because it suddenly closes the angle of its compass), or because it derives from itself a ridiculous formal justification, or because it is of a hallucinatory kind, or because it very naturally gives to the abstract the mask of the concrete, or the opposite, or because it implies the negation of some elementary physical property, or because it provokes laughter.

The images generated are total, i.e., the hallucination is complete. One occupies worlds which don't exist objectively, all of which seem real. An analogy to chaotic time travel is helpful. The voyager finds himself here in a forest with prehistoric insects, there in a cosmic womb as the star-child at the end of 2001: A Space Odyssey, an integral and transcendental part of the universe. When inhaling gas alone I often come out of my trance imagining the room to be full of

people, usually friends with whom I have taken gas in the past. In this case the hallucination duplicated a past event from my life but it is most often fictitious. This re-creation of a past reality gives the impression of everything occurring in the present. Past and future have no meaning. Time is. The hallucination is but a moment of leaving and returning to existence.

Perhaps the most beneficial aspect of the gas experience is the personal "revelation" or insight. These confrontations with individual fears and problems occasionally are of such magnitude as to plummet the person into a nightmare of self-doubt and madness. Similar to L.S.D., the revelation can be magnified and distorted until it is uncontrollable. Unlike acid, this experience on gas is transitory, erasing itself with the next inhalation. Because the nitrous oxide facilitates the release of unconscious material it has great therapeutic value—providing profound changes in a person's value-belief system and self image. Like Surrealism, gas "aims at the total recovery of our psychic force by a means which is nothing other than the dizzying descent into ourselves, the systematic illumination of hidden places and the progressive darkening of other places, the perpetual excursion into the midst of forbidden territory. . . ."

I would like to once again quote Breton and what he considers to be the aims of Surrealism, and suggest that the nitrous oxide experience allows for similar achievements:

"Surrealism attempted to provoke, from the intellectual and moral point of view, an attack of conscience . . . a special part of its function being to examine with a critical eye the notions of reality and unreality, reason and irrationality, reflection and impulse, knowledge and 'fatal' ignorance, usefulness and uselessness.

"Encyclopedia Philosophy. Surrealism is based on the belief in the superior reality of certain forms of previously neglected associations, in the omnipotence of dream, in the disinterested play of thought. It tends to substitute itself for them in solving all the principal problems of life."

posted bond on each occasion and finally fled the country. Donald Drury. Mr. Drury had posted and fled on a total of \$125,000 in bonds from 1970 up until approximately six months ago when we arrested him in Hawaii. Each time he was arrested under a different set of identification. Four sets. Four arrests. When we arrested him again in Hawaii, he had another one, so that makes five.

SPRINGING LEARY

Leary escaped from prison in September, 1970, with the help of the Weathermen faction of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) who also provided him with false papers and arranged for his flight abroad. According to several sources, the brotherhood paid \$50,000 to the Weathermen to see their spiritual leader set free.

The individual who collected the money to pay the Weathermen was Michael Boyd Randall.

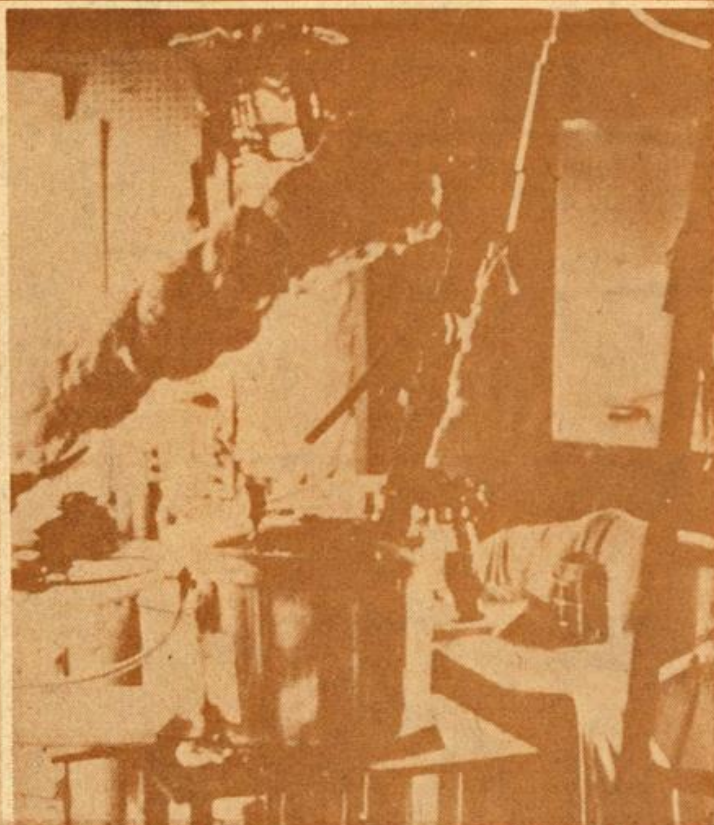
The subcommittee has been informed that after his first arrest Randall retained the service of two attorneys, Michael Kennedy and Michael Tigar, both of whom have a long record of involvement in the defense of left wing militants including Angela Davis and the Chicago 7 and the Seattle 9. Mr. Kennedy now represents Nicholas Sand in the Federal indictment in San Francisco.

While in Algiers and Switzerland, Leary, despite the fact that he was in exile, still exercised a major influence over the brotherhood, and was visited constantly by the higher echelon of the brotherhood organization.

GETTING CAUGHT

In November of 1971, the brotherhood suffered its first major setback when George Oliphant was arrested in Lebanon while in possession of 800 pounds of hashish. It was later determined that Oliphant and other members of the brotherhood smuggled approximately 4,000 pounds of Lebanese hashish into the United States since 1968. Oliphant is still in prison in Lebanon.

On December 15, 1971, brotherhood member Donald Alexander Hambarian was arrested in Laguna Beach, Calif., while operating a hashish oil laboratory. This hashish oil was to be the first encountered in the United States. Hambarian was also in possession of 86,000



MARIHUANA OR HASHISH OIL LABORATORY, ESCANABA, MICH.

dosage units of LSD.

In January of 1972, brotherhood member Michael Lee Pooley was arrested in Laguna Beach, Calif., while in possession of 133,000 dosage units of "orange sunshine" LSD.

Later that same month, the first of the Afghan hashish shipments was seized in Portland, Oreg. This shipment totaled 1,330 pounds and still stands as the largest quantity of hashish ever seized in the United States.

In February of 1972, the second shipment of Afghanistan hashish was seized in Vancouver, British Columbia. This load totaled 729 pounds. According to outstanding indictments, both the Portland and the Vancouver shipments belonged to Brotherhood Chief Robert Lee Andrist. At this time, intelligence revealed Andrist was in control of the hashish smuggling arm of

the brotherhood, while Michael Boyd Randall was generally considered to be the head of the "orange sunshine" LSD operation.

Both Andrist and Randall became fugitives subsequent to indictment in this matter.

In March of 1972, Gordon Fred Johnson was arrested in Laguna Beach, Calif., for distributing approximately 50,000 dosage units of "orange sunshine" LSD. Over 46,000 in cash was found in Johnson's residence upon execution of a search warrant. Also in March, Eric Chastain was arrested in southern California for distributing 45,000 dosage units of "orange sunshine" LSD.

Mr. Bevans was arrested in May of 1972, in Kabul, Afghanistan. Excuse me. Let me rephrase that. He was taken into custody by the local authorities

at Kabul, Afghanistan, in that period of time pursuant to a brotherhood photograph at the airport there at Kabul. They notified our agent there and he sent a teletype to Los Angeles informing us that Mr. Bevans was there traveling under the name Rodney Parks and had a passport to support that. Based on that we got a complaint again out of the central district. And Agent Burke escorted Bevans from Kabul back to the United States in custody and he was arraigned and bail was set at \$10,000 which he promptly forfeited.

Michael Boyd Randall was indicted on December 6, 1972, by the Orange County grand jury. He was arrested in San Francisco, Calif., on December 31, 1972, and taken to Orange County where his bail was set at \$250,000 pursuant to the grand jury indictment. He retained counsel and over a period of time had his bail lowered to \$25,000.

In the month of March, we came up with some information revealing that a primary figure in the LSD operation was unknown to us. We had a name but we did not know who it was. The name was that of Michael Thomas Garrity. This name appeared on shipping documents where a Jaguar had been shipped from the LSD laboratory in Brussels, Belgium, to New York and it appeared on several other legal documents concerning the purchase of property in Riverside County, in southern California.

Just as a chance, agent Elliot submitted this name with agent Keel to the passport office and it turned out that Michael Thomas Garrity was in fact Michael Boyd Randall. This greatly strengthened our case against Randall and it also gave us an additional charge, under 18 U.S.C. 1542, 1544, for obtaining a passport fraudulently.

On March 9, when we got the passport application from Washington, we filed that charge with the Central District of California and we arrested Randall that night at the beachfront home of his two attorneys.

He had marihuana in his possession at the time of the arrest and we filed local charges for that also. We had the \$25,000 bail in California court, and it appeared later we had \$10,000 bail for the passport charge and then \$1,000 for the marihuana possession for a total of \$36,000 bail which on approximately April 20 he fled and we do not know where he is. The bail was forfeited.

Before and After



Timothy Francis Leary



AKA William McMillan



Rosemary Leary



AKA Margaret Ann McCreedy

It became apparent that the mere seizures of hashish and LSD were doing very little to disrupt the Brotherhood of Eternal Love as a major drug system. As a result of this observation, Federal, State and local narcotic officers formed a strike force, with the brotherhood as their sole target.

This strike force operated under the code name "Operation BEL." The tool used by operation BEL agents was the strongest weapon narcotic officers have in their battle against drug traffickers. The conspiracy laws.

In pursuit of the brotherhood investigation, DEA agents traveled to Paris, Kabul, Costa Rica, Mexico City, Belgium, and Honduras as well as traveling extensively within the United States.

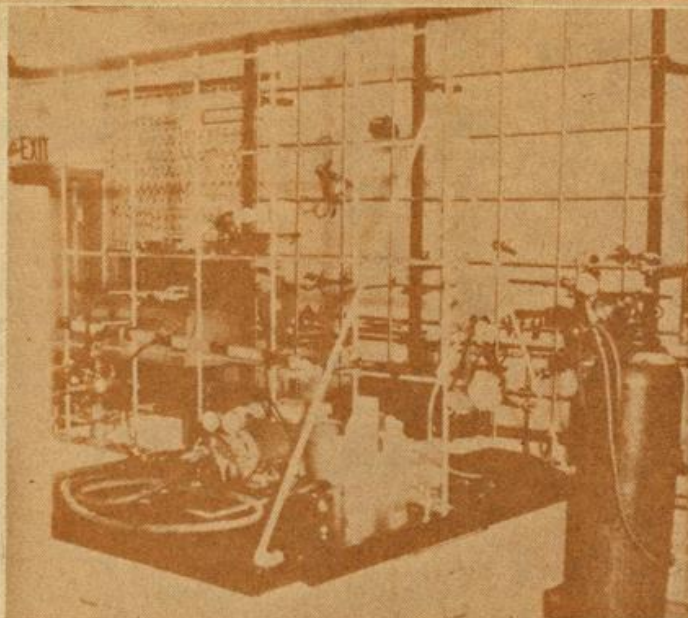
On August 3, 1972, the Orange County, Calif., grand jury climaxed many months of investigation by Operation BEL agents when it returned indictments against 29 members of the brotherhood organization. This indictment was aimed primarily at the hashish smuggling arm of the brotherhood.

Grand jury indictments in Orange County were obtained on Amanullah and Hayataullah Tohki, two brothers who are alleged to be the sources of Afghanistan hashish for the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The Afghanistan Government has been advised of these indictments.

On August 5, 1972, at 6 a.m., Operation BEL agents executed search warrants and arrest warrants in Hawaii, Oregon and in numerous locations in southern California. Sixteen major brotherhood figures were arrested, and over \$40,000 in cash was seized, along with a total arrest of 53 individuals.

In November, 1972, a DEA special agent of the BEL Task Force traveled with an IRS agent to Brussels, Belgium, to investigate a laboratory relative to Ronald Hadley Stark. As a result, Stark was indicted by a Federal grand jury in April, 1973. Stark is a chemist from New York who in 1964 was worth approximately \$1,200,000. Stark is a close associate of Nicholas Sand, and, according to some reports, was the first person to ever produce hashish oil from solid hashish.

The investigation continued, and on December 6, 1972, the Orange County grand jury returned another indictment, this time aimed primarily at the brotherhood's "orange sunshine" LSD system. On December 31,



"The first concentrated effort to eliminate this clandestine LSD operation resulted in the seizure of a mobile laboratory located inside a truck in Denver in 1967 and the arrest of Nicholas Sand. The arrest was found legally inadequate, and the case against Sand was dropped. Almost 6 years later, some of the same equipment, still bearing the evidential labels applied by Federal agents, was again seized when Sand's laboratory was discovered by St. Louis police in a warehouse which had been leased for manufacture of LSD."

1972, one of the major figures in the LSD system, Michael Boyd Randall, was arrested in San Francisco.

On January 14, 1973, Dr. Timothy Leary was located by DEA agents in Kabul, Afghanistan; and on January 18, 1973, he was returned to Los Angeles, Calif. Leary was arraigned on BEL charges and bail was set at \$5 million. Leary was convicted of the escape, and on April 23, was sentenced to five years in State prison.

On January 18, 1973, brotherhood chemist Nicholas Sand was arrested in St. Louis, Mo., and his laboratory seized. Found with him were the formulas and raw materials for the production of over 100 different psychedelic drugs.

On Easter Sunday, April 22, 1973, BEL Task Force agents arrested four members of BEL in Santa Cruz, Calif. Huge stores of false identification were seized, indicating this was a point of contact of BEL fugitives desiring false identification and papers.

On April 25, 1973, Nicholas Sand, Timothy Scully, Michael Randall, and four other major figures in the LSD operation were indicted by a Federal grand jury in San Francisco, Calif. The other four are David Lee Mantel, Lester Friedman, Ronald H. Stark, and Charles Druce. The last two are currently fugitives.

To date, the Operation BEL score card is as follows:

- 100 arrests
- 4 LSD tabs
- 1 million tabs of "Orange Sunshine"
- 3,500 grams of LSD powder (equalling 14 million doses)
- 6 hashish oil labs (3 in U.S., 1 in Hawaii, 1 in Costa Rica and 30 gallons of hashish oil in Afghanistan)
- 6,000 pounds of hashish
- 104 grams of peyote
- 8 pounds amphetamine powder
- 2 marihuana canning operations
- 1 pill press
- \$7 million in cash and deposits in foreign banks
- 13.64 pounds of cocaine
- 546 acres of property in southern California
- \$70 million assessment in back taxes [not collected]

We now have approximately five high ranking or moderately ranking members of the brotherhood who are Government witnesses and when we tell you we know 4,000 pounds of hashish were smuggled out of Lebanon, we know that because he told us that he personally smuggled 4,000 pounds out, and when we tell you the first batch of "Orange Sunshine" LSD was around a million, we know that because our informant was in that laboratory which produced that first batch.

One might get the impression that the brotherhood organization is a thing of the past. Nothing could be further from the truth. Out of the 52 brotherhood members indicted by State and Federal grand juries, 22 are fugitives, including the o. 1 man in both hashish and the LSD operations.

Brotherhood members continue to operate from outside the United States. On September 15, 1973, 923 pounds of hashish concealed in false bottom commercial sound speakers was seized in Las Vegas, Nev. It is now known that this hashish shipment was enroute to southern California components of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

No doubt, the brotherhood organization was dealt a severe blow by Operation BEL, but not a terminal one. At the moment, it remains disorganized and severely crippled. Hopefully, continued enforcement effort can be brought to bear until this complex drug distribution system is completely eliminated.

Still, the brotherhood, in terms of its operations and its power and its financing, is now several times as strong as it was ten years ago from which it built up to \$100 million operation within the space of less than 10 years.

This case illustrates the inadequacies of existing criminal justice procedures in coping with contemporary high-level drug violators. Of the top 12 organizers of the brotherhood's activities, six continue to be fugitives from justice living on their ill-gotten wealth in foreign countries where additional enterprises can be planned. Worst of all, two of these were successfully arrested, but were able to post bonds, whereupon they promptly fled jurisdiction. Another brotherhood member was rearrested on three subsequent occasions and finally fled after forfeiting bonds totaling \$125,000.

One of the particulars in which DEA will differ from the BNDD is in the increased emphasis which we intend to place on the development of intelligence as the second operational arm of our enforcement efforts. We now will have 65 foreign offices in 49 countries which is a tremendous growth rate over the past several years. The mobility of the BEL is going to require agreements for cooperation with a great many other governments. The work of negotiating those agreements is underway now.

d-ometer

IF....

Its one of those days when
you can't trust your head
or
you're high when you buy
or
you just want to test your
own "garden variety". . . .

THEN....

You need the "d-ometer",
Quality tester, for marijuana,
hashish and THC. It's compact,
disposable, requires no mixing,
needs very little sample to
test, is inexpensive and takes
only one minute to use . . .

SO....

Where do you get it? From
your local "head products"
store. And if he dosen't have
it tell him to order from us, or
you can write to us directly!



Send \$2.00 for each pack of 3 testers to:

L. B. Labs, Inc.
P. O. Box 2744
Wilmington, De. 19805

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DISTRIBUTOR INQUIRIES INVITED



A poster by Robert Grossman

The boffo comeback of *Reefer Madness* in 1972 was one of the few worthwhile excavations by a movie generation that has been eagerly exhuming its heritage from the moldy mausoleums of the past for some years now. The search for still fresh box office cadavers, fragrant with the atmosphere of high camp, goes forth. And New Line Cinema, also responsible for *Reefer Madness*, will soon be releasing *Cocaine Fiends*, a morality play so unrelieved in its tedium that its viewers may evacuate the theatre with the very energy of the Inca wonder drug itself. Even so, it is not without a certain ludic poignancy.

Cocaine Fiends tells a familiar story—youth led astray by dope peddlers, white slavers, stool pigeons, gun molls, smart alecks, and know-it-all derbies from New York, if not actually Brooklyn. It is the story of Jane and Eddy Bradford, whose simple existence toiling at the roadside fried-chicken emporium owned and operated by their saintly, white-haired mother is interrupted by a coke smuggler on the lam. Holed up in the little restaurant, he “makes love” to Jane (Lois January) whom he entices to join him in the city—that overgeneralized Sodom which farmers see, and rightly so, as the citadel of all that’s wicked. To seduce the comely yobboe lass, Mr. City Slicker precipitates an emotional crisis by asking her to abandon her saintly, white-haired mother, thus giving her a headache. Thereupon the collar-wearing smoothie slyly says, “Say, I’ve got the greatest headache medicine in

the world.” Jane falls into his arms and into his hands at the same time, her entire vocabulary reduced to variations on “Say, have you got any more of those headache powders?” Remember, this was still the day (1935) when modern science vied with patent medicines and home remedies for a spot in the cupboards of the American public, then, as now, notoriously fickle.

The scoundrel leads Jane by the nose, as it were, to the aforesaid city, where she and Eddy sink to more and more unprincipled stations of dope distress. Jane is not only wearing nylons but stashing her coke in the tops of them. Eddy has thrown away his career as a senior soda jerk to become an apprentice mainliner. “I’ve got to have dope,” he confesses leadenly. “I’m a hophead. I’d sell my soul for one shot.” Through some oversight there are no actual needle scenes in this otherwise “pointless” movie.

At the end, death or jail await all the sorry members of the cast. With two exceptions: the young debutante who repents in time, and the rookie detective who’s been making love to her to spy on her father, an ostensibly respectable stockbroker who is actually the local coke supremo.

Well, that was the part that fooled me. I thought he was the singing waiter at the Dead Rat Cafe, where the beautiful and damned retire to tango. This cavernous cabaret is festooned with painted and real icons of its namesake. Indeed the high point of *Cocaine Fiends* is gained when one of the pawky coke freaks, a fast little blonde article who

has turned unsuccessfully to peddling her damaged goods in the streets of Gommorah, is bounced from the alley behind this selfsame Dead Rat Cafe and told, “we don’t want your kind around here.” No more incandescent vision of the depths to which cocaine can drag a soul has this reviewer ever seen.

Sped by soap opera reaction shots of addicts as they realize how many steps further they have taken on the ladder to ruin, and framed poetically by repeated shots of saintly, white-haired Mrs. Bradford waiting for the letter that never arrives, *Cocaine Fiends* is as accurate and as cautionary a tale of drug addiction as, say, every third rerun of *Mod Squad*. Along with *Cocaine Fiends*, at some houses, will be playing an equally recondite one-reeler of cowboy reefer madness called *High On The Range*, which features the legendary stunt man Yakim Kamut in one of his few starring roles. The discouraging word in *High On The Range* is spelled out plain enough for an illiterate rustler to brand in his mind: once you smoke pot, pardner, you lose your memory, your morale and your will forever.

Meditate meanwhile, o high born, on the death, degradation and human misery of the ghastly *Cocaine Fiends*, and on the soiled allure of the little girl who never grows up, but dies by her own hand in a fit of cocaine withdrawal and unwed motherhood; who was, only a few days previously, another svelte siren from next door, sibilantly imploring us, “Let’s go sleigh-riding with the snowbirds!” Frankly, it’s the best offer I’ve had all day. ■

Paraphernalia

How To Read A Rolling Paper

"It's a Boy!" shouts the pack of rolling papers from its cover. "Nixon", "Halderman", "Mitchell", and "Ehrlichman" glare from the edges of the *Watergate Scandal Papers*. Other papers sport dollar bills and draft cards and marijuana leaves. The only thing missing is a Chinese fortune paper.

Some rolling papers taste and some smell. Some are narrow and some are wide. Some papers come perforated. Others don't have glue. And now there's even a mentholated rolling paper.

So how do you read a rolling paper? Although choosing the right paper is a matter of individual taste, there are some points to look for. The parameters of excellence in a paper can range from the paper, its size and glue, to taste, burning speed, and tensile strength.

Size

Size is probably the most obvious characteristic. It was only in 1971 that extra-wide papers were first introduced with the *E-Z Wider* paper. It created a rolling paper revolution. The wider papers quickly grabbed half the market from the traditional, smaller English papers. They're simply easier to roll. Most of the larger papers are about double width—the size of two English papers stuck together—same length, but twice as wide.

There are variants on oversize paper. *Joint Wides* and *Bambu Wides* are English length, 1½" width—still an easier roll and you're smoking less paper. Then there's the *Super Stella's*—1½" wide but longer by a few silly millimeters, and the *Job Extra Long's*—a

wee bit wider than the English, 1½" times longer. Enough variants to satisfy everyone's battle of rollability versus lung pollution.

Composition

The paper itself is an important rolling paper ingredient, but there seems to be no possible way—other than visiting the actual factories (all of them in Europe)—to know what a paper's made of. For example, "There's no such thing as hemp paper," says Don Levin of Adam's Apple, which distributes *Job* and *Reefer Rollers*. "If you took paper that was all hemp, it just wouldn't burn. Most 'hemp' papers are just colored 'rice' paper."

Most paper labelling seems to be inaccurate. Bob Shiller of Cigarette Paper Advertising Corporation (*Broads*, *Shiller's Gold*, *Watergate* and others) notes that all quality paper has some hemp in it. "Hemp does give paper much more tensile strength. Even our *rice* paper has at least ten percent cannabis in it." And every paper, no matter what it's labelled as, has chemicals processed in when it's manufactured.

Burt Rubin, president of Robert Burton Associates (*E-Z Wider*), suggests, " 'Rice paper' is a reference point rather than a literal composite." In other words, such labeling refers to what might be in the paper.

Flavor

Flavoring is almost as confusing. "*Stella* and *Bambu* papers are actually flavored with approved vegetable dyes," says Karen Valenzuela of Simon Imports (*Stella*, *Leopard Skins*, *Pirate* and more). "It has the taste actually within

the paper. Most others are sweetened with sugar water. When you're high and smoking purple paper, of course it tastes like plum."

Whether or not that's true—and the sugar water treatment was charged by one other manufacturer as well—you've got to stick the whole damn paper in your mouth to get much taste out of it anyway.

The other disagreement over flavored papers is the smoke. Some people claim flavored papers make a stick smoke milder. Other people claim they make smoke harsh. Roll up some Bugler tobacco in a flavored paper and decide for yourself. One thing's sure about flavored papers, though: whether the ink and the flavoring are vegetable or chemical, you're smoking extra paper additives either way.

White Ash Test

One of the biggest controversies in the industry is over Bob Shiller's International White Ash Burn Test (IWABT): a test for paper quality. Light a rolling paper and look at the ash it leaves. The ash of a quality paper has lightness, both in color and in weight.

There really is a difference. To see it yourself, just burn an *E-Z Wider* paper and a Shiller's *Gold*, a *Broads* or a *Double-O* (all Shiller's papers) and compare. The *E-Z Wider* is heavy and dark gray and Shiller's paper is light and nearly white.

That's where the controversy comes in. *E-Z Wider*, which once was distributed exclusively by Shiller until business rivals cut him out entirely, is the only paper in two dozen or more tests



Miracles of modern packaging that seal in flavor and goodness—and they talk to you at breakfast.

which came nowhere near passing the IWABT. Says Shiller, "I traveled to every major paper-producing country and some of the minor ones looking for the best paper. The one test that everybody used to demonstrate quality—except one company and I found out why they didn't later—was to light the paper and look at the ash. We just gave the test a name." He's preparing a poster that graphically demonstrates the test to give to stores and users.

Burt Rubin of Robert Burton Associates, which manufactures *E-Z Wider*, just scoffs. "International White Ash Burn Test? There's no such thing. I've been there, and they've never shown it to me. Maybe they showed it to him because he was American and didn't know better. A white ash, though, depends more on what you put in of a certain chemical than the paper itself." Since the *E-Z Wider* paper is generally considered one of the better papers, we're not quite sure what the IWABT proves, but it's an interesting parlor trick, if nothing else.

But one other manufacturer used the test to demonstrate the quality of a paper. Kay Stephan of Highway Imports (*Joint, Flag, Cannabis Indica* and others) didn't think much of the test's new name, but she used it to demonstrate the quality of the *Club* paper. "I've always done that to test a paper," she said.

The test can be performed only on white papers—the chemicals in flavored or printed papers automatically turn the ash black. In the two dozen tests *High Times* ran, the *Club* paper and the *Zig-Zag* paper came in with the lightest ashes of all. The *Job Sup-Air* produced no ash at all.

The rate of burning is an important quality in a rolling paper. "When smoking cigarettes," says Shiller, "they've tested it and found that you get the most tar and nicotine when you smoke the slowest. When you're smoking

grass, you want the most tars and nicotine—so you want to smoke slowly."

To test the rate of burning, poke a lit cigarette through a rolling paper, then check how big a hole is burnt through the paper (it smolders rather than burns). In *High Times* tests, almost all rice papers produced similar sized holes except one. The *Job Sup-Air* produced holes half the size—a very slow-burning paper. The flavored and printed papers, on the other hand, burned quickly from one end to the other.

Glues

Glue is very important. Roll up a joint and stick it in your pocket. You'd better have a paper with good glue unless you want to smoke lint with your grass. Fortunately, that's no longer a big problem, since most papers now feature double-wide glue.

There are papers with no glue, and one of these is the *Club* paper. It takes a great deal of care to roll with a *Club*, and a bit of practice. But the bond formed, if done right, is almost as strong as glue. Lick and stick two leaves together sometime. Mr. Wizard couldn't come up with a better illustration of what good rice paper can do. And for purists, there's no glue to inhale.

Two other qualities to look for in a rolling paper are tensile strength and thinness. A thicker paper will usually be stronger—but it also burns hotter. "The thinner the paper, the more it costs and the slower it burns," says Don Levin.

Presenting: the Perforated, Mentholated, Underwater Rolling Paper

There are three papers which are unique and should be mentioned in a class by themselves. The first, for those

of you who live in rain forests or hang out on yachts (or even rowboats), is Export's *Aquafuge* paper: it's water-resistant. While it looks, tastes and rolls like an ordinary rice paper, the *Aquafuge* can be handled with wet hands or get splashed without soaking up water.

Then there's the *Job Sup-Air*. Electronically perforated, they "give a fresher smoke, and add 10% to 15% more puffs," promises the Adams Apple catalog. The package's inside cover makes a different promise. It claims the perforation "enables the reduction by 15% to 30% of the rate of tars and nicotine contained in the volume of smoke inhaled." The two ad pieces seem a bit incongruous. Unless you get less tar per puff, but more puffs. And so it seems. It's an excellent, slow-burning paper, yet still seems to burn hot enough to release the key cannabis oils and chemicals; test smokers reported it delivered the high with less harshness.

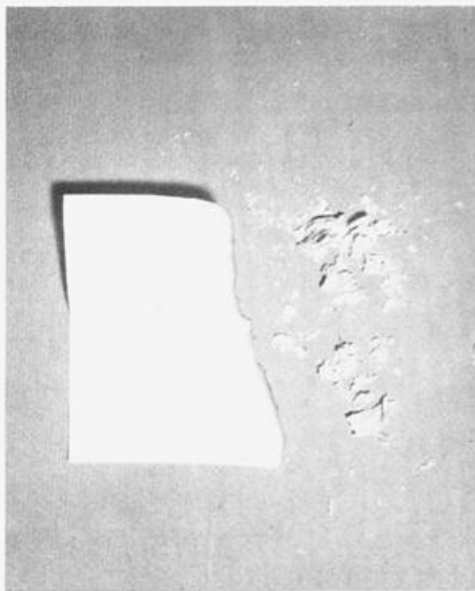
A million-dollar idea that's just hit the market is banking on people's desire for cooler smoke. It's called the *Cooleaf*, and it's the first mentholated cigarette rolling paper. Ever. And it's the first major innovation in the industry since *E-Z Wider* was introduced in 1971.

"Like smoking snow," promises the package. And its creators, Mike Gargin and Don Todrin of American Dream Advertising, promise that the green stripe down the inside of the paper is pure Brazilian menthol—a plant extract, not a synthetic. They say the paper adds only a subtle taste to the smoke; the real effect is a cooling, soothing sensation in your throat—an effect which lasts even after you've quit smoking.

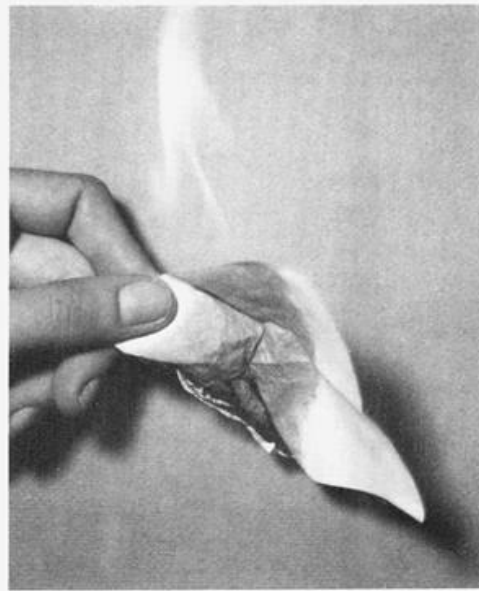
If Gargin and Todrin are right, we're in for the second rolling paper revolution. Desert-mouth may be gone forever. —Ronald Lichty



Comedian Tom O'Malley demonstrates the International White Ash Burn Test.



According to IWABT, the whiter the ash, the better the paper.



Uh-oh! Looks like a case of white ash black!



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— I am a paper dealer who would be interested in selling COOLEAF.

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According to one theory of cannabis cookery, the thing to remember about dishes prepared with marijuana or hashish is that these drugs should have no obtrusive taste; at least none that can violently usurp the importance of the standard culinary elements of gourmet fare. The point of eating such dishes is to impart a *nouvelle sensation* not to the palate—although that must be considered too—but to the alimentary canal and the part of the brain and endocrine system which regulate digestion. Normal digestion, for a healthy person, is an unconscious process; to the dope eater, it is a metabolic odyssey, rivaled only by the initial impact of the arrival of the first course. Tonight we'll have oyster and crab gumbo with garlic bread and a lovely cold red wine, and for dessert a lip-smacking, tummy-tinging Wacky Cake.

CRAB AND OYSTER GUMBO

Melt over low flame: 1 tablespoon butter

Stir in until blended: 2 tablespoons flour

Stir in until golden brown: ¼ chopped onion

Stir in ¼ cup marijuana for about two minutes.

Stir in: 1½ cups tomatoes

Stir in: 2 cans beef broth soup

Stir in: 1 quart thinly sliced okra

Break into small pieces and add:

½ lb. raw shelled, cleaned shrimp

½ lb. raw crab meat

Simmer until the okra is tender. Add 16 oysters, salt and pepper. Serve as soon as oysters are plump (8-10 minutes).

WACKY CAKE

⅓ cup oil

¼ lid marijuana

Saute grass in oil for about 30 minutes, strain, and let cool.

Sift together into one small baking dish (6" x 9"):

1½ cups flour

1 cup sugar

½ tsp. baking soda

½ tsp. salt

3 tbs. cocoa (unsweetened)

Dig three holes in mixture. Into one hole add ⅓ cup strained oil; into one hole add 1 tbs. white vinegar; and into last hole add 1 tsp. vanilla. Pour one cup water over entire mixture, stir carefully with fork until blended. Bake at 350° for 30-35 minutes. Sift powdered sugar over top while still warm and serve (best when warm).

An hour later, you're *sanpaku* again.

—Allegra Loomis



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...JUST ADD YOUR FAVORITE BLEND!



LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HEAD GEAR IN THE COUNTRY.

Each kit contains:

- Reusable stash box
- Color coordinated pipe
- Roach clip
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- Supply of screens
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- Stash bag
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Trans-High Market Quotations



NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA —BOSTON—BALTIMORE— WASHINGTON, D.C.—

Commercial Mexican \$15-\$30/oz. . . . \$100-\$200/lb. . . . Mexican top grade (not abundant) \$30-\$40/oz. . . . \$150-\$300/lb. . . . Commercial Jamaican (scarce) \$25-\$40/oz. . . . \$175-\$300/lb. . . . Commercial Colombian \$35-\$50/oz. . . . \$275-\$400/lb. . . . Colombian connoisseur (red & gold) \$45-\$90/oz. . . . \$400-\$900/lb. . . . Wacky \$50-\$90/oz. . . . \$600-\$900/lb. . . . Domestic \$10-\$20/oz. . . . \$20-\$100/lb. . . . Domestic connoisseur (from primo seeds) \$20-\$30/oz. . . . \$75-\$300/lb. . . . lavender Thai sticks \$150-\$175/oz. . . . \$2,000-\$3,500/lb. . . . blonde & red Lebanese (nearly unobtainable) \$90-\$125/oz. . . . \$1,000-\$1,400/lb. . . . Afghani (also scarce) \$100-\$140/oz. . . . \$1,200-\$2,000/lb. . . . Colombian hash \$400-\$2,000/lb. . . . Jamaican "ganga" grass oil (dark, new & interesting) \$7/gm. . . . \$3,000/lb. . . . Afghani hash oil (light brown) \$10-\$20/gm. . . . \$5,000-\$6,000/lb. . . . red Lebanese hash oil \$10-\$70/gm. . . . \$5,000-\$6,000/lb. . . . Moroccan hash oil (dark green) \$10-\$20/gm. . . . \$4,000-\$5,000/lb. . . . Colombian hash oil (black) \$10-\$15/gm. . . . \$4,000/lb. . . . THC powder (pharmaceutical & collector's item) \$300/gm. . . . THC (street—actually PCP) \$20-\$100/gm. . . . LSD (blotter, micro-dot, windowpane) \$1.50-\$3 a hit & rising . . . Cocaine (unidentified poor percentage) \$50-\$100/gm. . . . \$1,000-\$2,000/oz. . . . Peruvian \$65-\$125/gm. . . . \$1,500-\$2,500/oz. . . . \$17,000-\$25,000/lb. . . . Colombian coke \$50-\$100/gm. . . . \$1,000-\$2,000/oz. . . . \$15,000-\$20,000/lb. . . . methadone \$1-\$10/hit . . . psilocybin mushrooms \$350/lb. (acid-soaked mushrooms common) . . . Hawaiian grass (unavailable) . . . quaaludes (300's or 714's) \$1-\$2.50/apiece . . . 75¢-\$1.25/batches over 1,000 . . . dormadinas (Spanish hypnotic, newly imported) \$1-\$3/piece.

CHICAGO—DETROIT—ANN ARBOR—MADISON— MILWAUKEE—COLUMBUS—

Commercial Mexican \$15-\$25/oz. . . . \$85-\$200/lb. . . . Mexican top grade \$30-\$40/oz. . . . \$150-\$400/lb. . . . Jamaican (no data) . . . commercial Colombian \$40-\$50/oz. . . . \$300-\$450/lb. . . . Colombian connoisseur (red or gold) \$50-\$90/oz. . . . \$500-\$1,000/lb. . . . domestic (plentiful) \$10-\$20/oz. . . . \$50-\$100/lb. . . . domestic connoisseur (a mid-west specialty) \$15-\$35/oz. . . . \$75-\$250/lb. . . . exotic grass very rare but prices not much higher than N.Y. . . . hash (scarcer than on East Coast—Prices higher) \$10-\$20 more per oz. . . . \$200-\$400 more per lb. . . . hash oils (not common) \$15-\$25/gm. . . . \$5,000-\$7,000/lb. . . . PCP \$20-\$100/gm. . . . LSD \$1.50-\$3/hit & rising . . . sopors & quaaludes \$1.50-\$4/piece.

EUGENE—PORTLAND— SEATTLE—BUTTE— CHEYENNE—FARGO—

Commercial Mexican \$25-\$35/oz. . . . \$90-\$160/lb. . . . Mexican top grade \$30-\$40/oz. . . . \$135-\$350/lb. . . . commercial Colombian \$35-\$40/oz. . . . Moroccan hash \$90-\$1,100/lb. . . . Afghani \$1,200-\$1,400/lb. . . . hash oil (very available in Eugene & Portland) \$10-\$20/gm. . . . \$250-\$350/oz. . . . \$3,500-\$5,000/lb. . . . mushrooms (Seattle) \$100-\$200/lb. . . . other drugs including cocaine available.

NASHVILLE—MOBILE— CHARLESTON —MEMPHIS—RALEIGH—

Commercial Mexican \$15-\$25/oz. . . . \$100-\$200/lb. . . . Mexican top grade \$25-\$40/oz. . . . \$125-\$275/lb. . . . commercial Colombian \$30-\$50/oz. . . . \$250-\$375/lb. . . . Colombian connoisseur \$40-\$80/oz. . . . \$350-\$750/lb. . . . domestic \$10-\$20/oz. . . . \$50-\$100/lb. . . . cocaine \$50-\$100/gm. . . . LSD rare.

ATLANTA—MIAMI— TAMPA—GAINESVILLE— NEW ORLEANS—

Commercial Mexican (scattered) \$15-\$25/oz. . . . \$75-\$150/lb. . . . Mexican top grade \$25-\$35/oz. . . . \$125-\$275/lb. . . . commercial Colombian (plentiful) \$25-\$35/oz. . . . \$225-\$375/lb. . . . \$150,000-\$200,000/ton . . . Colombian connoisseur (super fine, fresh, steady; red or gold) \$35-\$70/oz. . . . \$300-\$700/lb. . . . Wacky (dark & tasty) \$35-\$70/oz. . . . \$300-\$700/lb. . . . Jamaican (unsteady but cheap) \$15-\$25/oz. . . . \$125-\$225/lb. . . . exotic grasses fairly rare . . . hash availability erratic . . . cocaine (good quality) \$35-\$75/gm. . . . \$900-\$1,500/oz. . . . \$10,000-\$15,000/lb. . . . sopors & quaaludes \$1-\$4/piece . . . LSD (blotter, micro-dot & windowpane) \$1.75/hit & rising . . . MDA available.

KANSAS CITY—LAWRENCE —ST. LOUIS—OMAHA— OKLAHOMA CITY—

Commercial Mexican \$15-\$25/oz. . . . \$100-\$150/lb. . . . Mexican top grade \$25-\$40/oz. . . . \$150-\$275/lb. . . . commercial Colombian (availability spotty) \$35-\$60/oz. . . . \$300-\$450/lb. . . . domestic (plentiful & cheap) . . . Jamaican rare . . . hash (scarce) \$100-\$150/oz. . . . \$1,000-\$2,000/lb. . . . cocaine \$50-\$70/gm. . . . \$1,200-\$2,000/oz.

AUSTIN-DALLAS-HOUSTON —ALBUQUERQUE—TAOS— PHOENIX—EL PASO—

Commercial Mexican (abundant in quantity) \$10-\$15/oz. . . . \$40-\$100/lb. . . . \$50,000-\$80,000/ton . . . Mexican top grade \$20-\$30/oz. . . . \$100-\$200/lb. . . . commercial Colombian \$25-\$30/oz. . . . \$100-\$200/lb. . . . commercial Colombian \$25-\$40/oz. . . . \$300-\$400/lb. . . . Colombian connoisseur (scarce) \$40-\$75/oz. . . . \$500-\$700/lb. . . . domestic \$25-\$50/oz. . . . exotic

grasses rare . . . Afghani hash \$100-\$150/oz. . . . \$1,200-\$1,700/lb. . . . Moroccan \$70-\$90/oz. . . . \$900-\$1,200/lb. . . . Peyote buttons 25¢/piece . . . coke same as S.F. . . . heroin (brown, Mexican) . . . LSD \$1-\$2/hit . . . speed available.

SAN FRANCISCO-BERKELEY- LOS ANGELES-SAN DIEGO- DENVER-Boulder—

Commercial Mexican \$15-\$25/oz. . . . \$80-\$150/lb. . . . Mexican top grade \$20-\$35/oz. . . . \$125-\$350/lb. . . . commercial Colombian (unpressed) \$25-\$40/oz. . . . \$250-\$450/lb. . . . Colombian connoisseur \$45-\$65/oz. . . . \$400-\$600/lb. . . . domestic (Big Sur) \$150-\$350/lb. . . . mt. grown Colorado grass \$150-\$200/lb. . . . Afghani hash \$100-\$150/oz. . . . \$1,200-\$1,500/lb. . . . scattered availability on other hashes . . . Thai sticks \$20-\$30 per stick . . . \$1,500-\$2,500/lb. . . . Afghani oil \$4,000-\$5,000/lb. . . . cocaine (plentiful, slightly lower than NYC) . . . wide variety of other drugs available from ibogaine to magnesium pemoline (memory drug) at decent prices . . . LSD (cheap & readily available) . . . speed available.

MISCELLANEOUS

Alaska: Mantanuska Valley grass (strong).
Puerto Rico & Virgin Islands: Difficult to get prices.
Guam: Thai weed in abundance & cheap.

AMSTERDAM

Commercial Mexican (not very available) \$150-\$250/lb. . . . Mexican top grade (not very available) \$200-\$300/lb. . . . domestic, barge grown grass \$15/oz. . . . Congolese black grass \$40-\$50/oz. . . . brown Moroccan hash \$400/lb. . . . brick red Lebanese \$40-\$50/oz. . . . \$250-\$400/lb. . . . Sandoz THC \$200/oz. . . . LSD \$2/hit . . . coke (stable) \$60-\$100 . . .

Trans-High Market Quotations

ATHENS

Turkish dark hash \$25/oz. . . .
\$300/lb. . . . Afghani chocolate
\$400-\$500/lb. . . . Paki
hash \$400-\$500/lb.

BANGKOK

Lowland grass \$25/lb. . . . lav-
ender Thai \$1/stick . . . \$50/lb.
. . . . Burmese Shan opium
\$70/lb.

BEIRUT

(Heavy local-law scene, street
dope scarce but export heavy)
. . . . brick red Lebanese \$3/oz.
. . . . \$30/lb. . . . hard Lebanese
blonde \$2/oz. . . . \$25/lb. . . .
hard green Lebanese \$1.50/oz.
. . . . \$20/lb. . . . dark red waxy
Lebanese \$30/lb.

BOGOTA

Lowland bushy \$20-\$30/lb.
. . . . mountain grown mota
\$50/lb. . . . Santa Marta red
\$40-\$50/lb. . . . chiba (black
beauty) \$35/lb. . . . coke (80%
pure rock) \$1,500/lb. . . .
Mother of Pearl (Incan treasure)
\$3,000/lb. . . . quaaludes \$400
per thousand.

BOMBAY

(A major religious festival has
cornered the hash market) . . .
Bombay black hash (adulter-
ated with butter or cow dung—
bad deal) \$1/oz. . . . \$75/lb.
. . . . Dhagashewari hash brown
balls \$30/lb. . . . black tar
opium \$5/oz. . . . primo Af-
ghani (good & scarce, choco-
late brown) \$120-\$140/lb. . . .
Paki (gold sealed) \$10-\$15/oz.
. . . . \$75-\$125/lb. . . . Himalay-
an foothills grass (buds) \$25
/lb. . . . Kerala grass \$10/lb.
. . . . South American cocaine
(good) \$45/gm.

CAPETOWN

Special home-grown veldt
grass \$30/oz. . . . \$200/lb. . . .
Congolese black grass \$50/oz.
. . . . \$400/lb. . . . Lebanese
hash \$900-\$1,000/lb. . . . Mor-
roccan hash \$750/lb.

CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Thai grass \$25/oz. . . . \$200-
\$300/lb. . . . lavender Thai
\$350/lb. . . . Nepalese hash
"temple balls" \$800/lb. . . .
LSD (unobtainable) . . .

HONG KONG

Vietnamese grass \$60/oz. . . .
\$500/lb. . . . opium \$4/oz. . . .
\$50/lb. . . . brown pure heroin
\$750/lb.

ISTANBUL

(Wartime security causing
some shortages) . . . opium
\$100/lb. . . . Turkish heroin
\$1,000/lb. . . . Turkish hash
\$40/lb.

KABUL

Mazar-i-Sharif Afghani primo
(dark & light brown) \$2/oz. . . .
\$45/lb. . . . average Afghani
\$1/oz. . . . \$35/kilo . . . co-
caine (pharmaceutical) \$400-
\$500/oz.

KATMANDU (NEPAL)

(U.S. pressure) . . . Chinese
opium \$4/oz. . . . \$40/lb. . . .
Tantapani hash (red & soft &
good) \$2/oz. . . . \$25/lb. . . .
Nepalese finger hash (very poor
since 1971) \$2/oz. . . . \$15-\$20
/lb. . . . Nepalese valley grass
(comes wrapped in banana
leaves) \$1.50/oz. packet.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

(Very tense) . . . Prices lower
outside cities . . . commercial
\$50/lb. . . . Ganja \$25-\$40/lb.
. . . . lambsbread \$60/lb. . . .
bush \$20-\$30/lb. . . . St. Anne's
\$40/lb. . . . Jamaican grass oil
\$30/oz. . . . \$100/oz. in city
. . . . Peruvian coke (pink or
brown) \$10-\$20/gm. . . . Rum
\$1.25/qt.

LIMA, PERU

Peruvian pink flake coke \$2,000
/lb. . . . yellow rock coke
\$1,500/lb. . . . brown coke
\$1,500/lb. . . . green Brazilian
grass \$50/lb.

LONDON

Moroccan hash \$40/oz. . . .
\$500/lb. . . . LSD \$5/hit . . .
African black grass \$125/oz.
. . . . Afghani primo \$60/oz. . . .
coke \$100/gm. . . . Mandrax
50¢/piece . . . lots of smack
being tried.

MADRID

Moroccan brown hash \$40/oz.
. . . . Moroccan gold kif \$25/oz.

MARRAKECH

Rif mt. hash \$150/kilo . . .
grass grows at 5,000 feet . . .
kif \$50/lb. . . . market kif
\$25/lb.

MAZATLAN, MEXICO

Guadalajara green \$20/lb. . . .
second cut \$15/lb. . . . Oaxa-
can buds \$25/lb. . . . Yucatan
gold \$35/lb. . . . Acapulco
gold \$20/lb. . . . Mazatlan
brown god. \$40/oz. . . . Guata-
malan green \$40/lb. . . . quaa-
ludes 10¢/piece . . . Mexican
brown heroin \$3,000/lb. . . .
opium \$50/oz. . . . Colombian
rock coke \$4,000/lb. . . . Oaxa-
can magic mushrooms \$55/lb.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Outback Joey grass \$10/oz.
. . . . \$75/lb. . . . Vietnamese
(overpriced for down under)
\$150/lb. . . . Nepalese hash
\$750/lb. . . . Peruvian cocaine
(headed towards India) \$40
/gm. . . . \$1,200/oz. . . . LSD
(rare) \$10/hit.

MONTREAL

Moroccan hash \$800/lb. . . .
Lebanese blonde hash \$800-
\$1,200/lb. . . . Mexican grass
\$250-\$300/lb. . . . commercial
Colombian \$400-\$600/lb. . . .
Mandrax \$1.50-\$3/hit . . . LSD
\$75/per hundred.

MOSCOW

Tashkent hash \$500/lb. . . .
Siberian albino grass \$400/lb.
. . . . Czech blotter acid \$10/hit
. . . . sugarcube LSD \$7.50/hit
. . . . Nepalese hash \$500/lb.

NAIROBI, KENYA

Congolese black grass \$10/oz.
. . . . \$125/lb. . . . Kenya bush
grass \$50/lb. . . . Savannah
grass \$55/lb. . . . Yohimbe
root \$1/oz.

PARIS

Moroccan hash \$40/oz. . . .
\$400/lb. . . . methampheta-
mine \$20/oz. . . . Dormadina's
\$.50/piece . . . Pakistani green
hash \$35/oz. . . . quality Mar-
seilles heroin (again available)
\$750/oz.

RAWALPINDI, PAKISTAN

(gold seal items) . . . green
hash bricks \$20/lb. . . . dark

green hash \$4.50/oz. . . .
\$50/lb. . . . bhang 2¢/glass
. . . . opium (egg shaped lumps)
\$2.25/oz.

ROME

LSD \$5/hit . . . Afghani, Nepal-
ese & Lebanese hash (not sta-
ble) \$50-\$70/oz. . . . cocaine
(rare & very expensive) . . .
meth (available in Milan).

SAIGON

Scarcity now . . . central high-
land grass \$15/lb. . . . high-
lands grass \$30/lb. . . . Lao-
tian import grass (poor) \$20/lb.
. . . . pure heroin \$200/lb. . . .
Mekong (mauler) valley grass
\$15/lb. . . . Burmese opium
\$75/lb.

STOCKHOLM

Moroccan kif \$425/lb. . . .
black Afghani primo \$70/oz.
. . . . green Paki hash \$40/oz.
. . . . LSD (some Swiss) \$3/hit.

TEL AVIV

Blonde Lebanese \$5/oz. . . .
\$40/lb. . . . red Lebanese hash
\$50/lb. . . . LSD \$2/hit.

VANCOUVER

Mexican \$30/oz. . . . \$200/lb.
. . . . Colombian \$60/oz. . . .
\$500/lb. . . . Moroccan hash
\$60/oz. . . . \$750/lb. . . . green
Paki \$50/oz. . . . \$600/lb. . . .
coke \$75/gm. . . . Mexican
magic mushrooms \$10/oz. . . .
\$100/lb.

VIENNA

Afghani \$60/oz. . . . \$500/lb.
. . . . LSD \$3/hit.

*The Trans-High Market Quota-
tions are intended solely for
comparative purposes and in
no way are meant as an induce-
ment to illegal activity, nor as
an endorsement of any drug or
drug usage or trafficking.*

*The prices listed are the latest
available, but do not neces-
sarily reflect average prices,
only particular prices as report-
ed to us. High Times welcomes
anonymous reports. ■*

Other Scenes

by John Wilcock

I had fully intended to knock off a snappy piece for this issue about the dope situation in the benighted British Isles but the situation is that there really isn't any. Most people here have that grubby habit of smoking thick, horrid hash mixed with poisonous cigarette tobacco and then going on a nodding downer for the next hour or two while they discuss how lousy English weather is and how they wish they were back in California. (As for myself, that's exactly where I plan to go at the end of the year when I finish *shlepping* out these travel books that I write for Arther Frommer. Remember: *Japan on \$10 A Day* by John Wilcock-san is the *best* book on Japan.) When you can get grass here in Old Blighty, it's fabulously expensive, around £20 or fifty bucks an ounce.

My work here is currently concerned with an investigation of the dragon sites, fairy hills, devil's bridges, Pictish stones, ogham alphabets, serpent and monster legends, giants' graves, weird rocks, and long-gone witches of ancient pagan Britain. There's no doubt at all that pagan Britain was highly superior to the contemporary version and I'm finding out that those old Celts knew a

lot that we'll be only too happy to learn in the future. Undoubtedly they all fucked like crazy and smoked like demons but most of the chroniclers through the ages seem to have kept that dark. We shall try to bring it to our readers' attention in a forthcoming work on the Druid drug scene and related nostalgia.

Meanwhile the twilight of Empire continues to dim. I mentioned in my last note the English shopkeepers stinginess, e.g., charging customers for bags.

And this isn't an isolated example of meanness. Many's the time I've tried to find a public phone and, in desperation, gone into a cafe only to be told that "This phone is just for the use of customers." Usually the proprietor literally takes the phone out of your hand. How petty can people get?

Bruce Margolin writes: "There are NO international border crossings where it is legal to possess cannabis. This is the space-time frontier and although various European and Asian countries have a tolerant attitude toward interior use of cannabis, it is still illegal to cross borders with it. In Holland and Denmark there is considerable police tolerance toward marijuana use,

and the same is true of Afganistan, India and Nepal. But be careful and keep it private.

"As you leave Holland and enter Germany, a serene policeman waves slow-moving traffic past the checkpoint. Rarely does this officer even leave his glass omni-view. Motorists give a friendly wave to the guard as they cross. Dutch border guards are not the harassing type. Young, old, long hair, short hair, Volkswagen or Mercedes roll through into Germany with little more than an occasional check on green insurance cards. (If you are driving a car in Europe, you must obtain insurance for your vehicle.) There are no highway patrols to harangue the visitor.

"However, the Dutch-German border, despite tacit tolerance codes among police and justice officials regarding marijuana, is NOT the place to smell of smoke or display your hashish wares."

But then, what is? Tijuana or Katmandu, (now) the law's the same, and some conservative citizens are beginning to feel that four walls for punishment for drug crimes are three walls too many. Even in these days of relative laxity vis-a-vis marijuana, every pot and hash user would do well to remember the words of Barry Goldwater: "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom." ■



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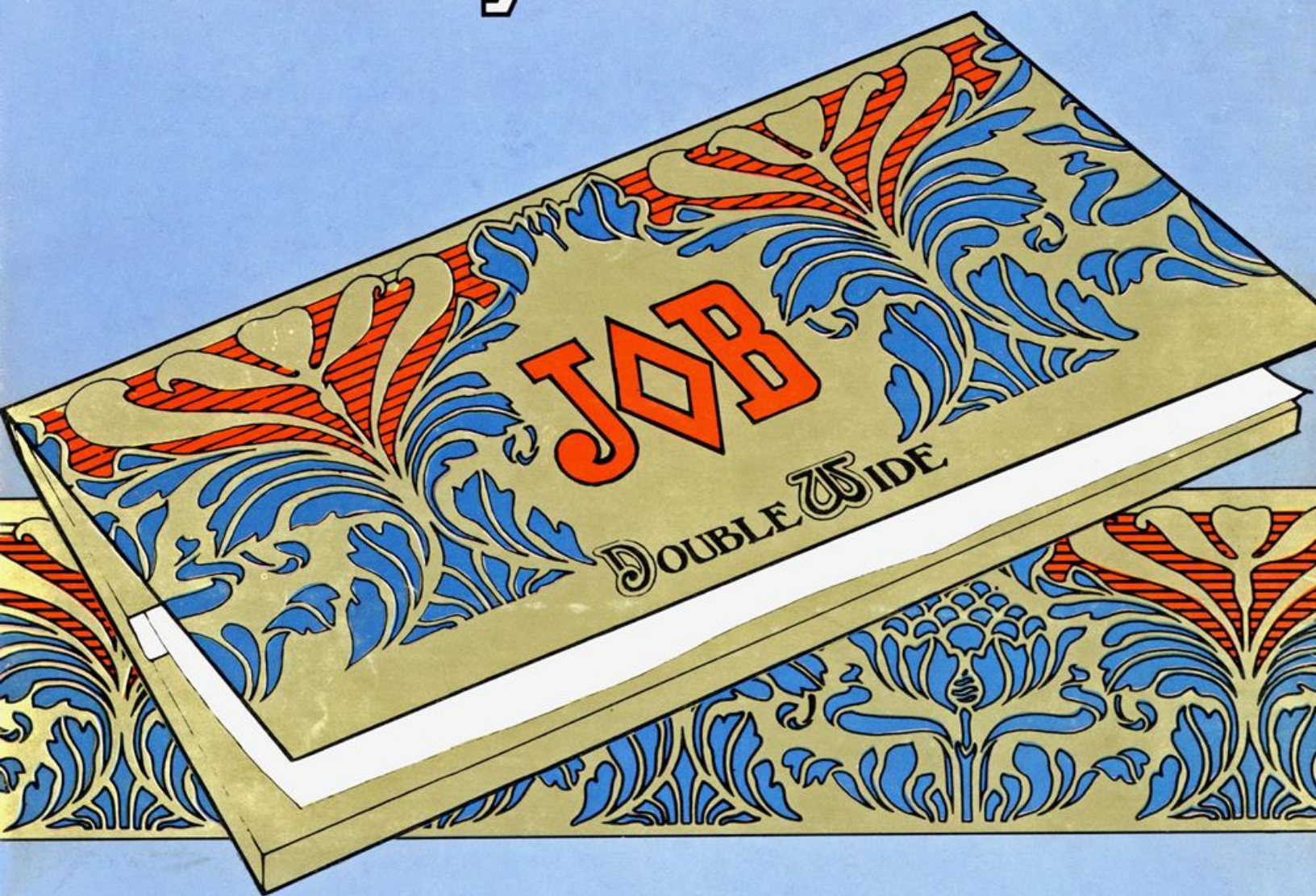
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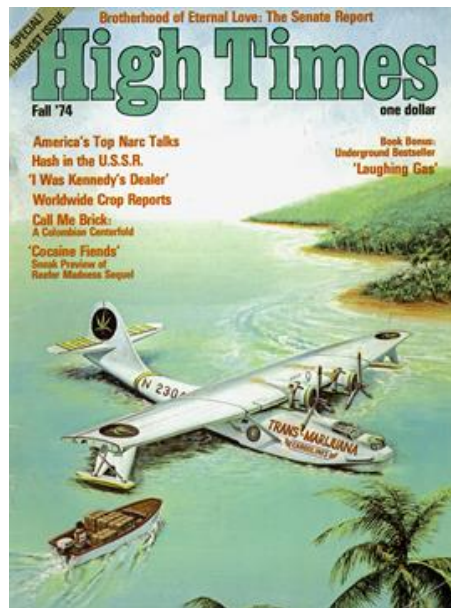
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FALL 1974



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